

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE TAILOR AND THE BISHOP

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Seven

A MAN DOES SOMETHING NEW QUEER TRAVELLER AT PANAMA

Richard Halliburton's Idea and
How He Carried It Out

THE ONLY SWIM OF ITS KIND

Byron swam the Hellespont, Webb swam the Channel, and Halliburton swam the Panama Canal.

Halliburton did the fifty miles in stages, taking eight days; but his swim had certain points about it which were lacking in the others. The tremendous machinery of the Panama locks was put in motion for one man, and the power necessary to lift a battleship was employed to bear the human speck up the water stairs.

What the Governor Said

The American newspapers made a great fuss about the swim at the time, but now Mr Halliburton has told his own story. He is a young American who wandered off to find adventure in Mexico and Brazil.

Suddenly it entered his head that it would be great fun to swim the Panama Canal. He went to the Governor of the Panama Canal zone. The Governor told him that he would be eaten by an alligator, a shark, or a barracuda; and that if these monsters missed him he would get typhoid from the impurity of water through which thousands of ships were constantly passing.

But Halliburton said he would be accompanied by a sharpshooter in a rowboat, and added that he had been inoculated. He repeated his request that the locks should be opened and closed for him—that thousands and thousands of horse-power should be harnessed to the task of filling six vast lock chambers, each a thousand feet long, with nine million cubic feet of water to help him travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A Perilous Moment

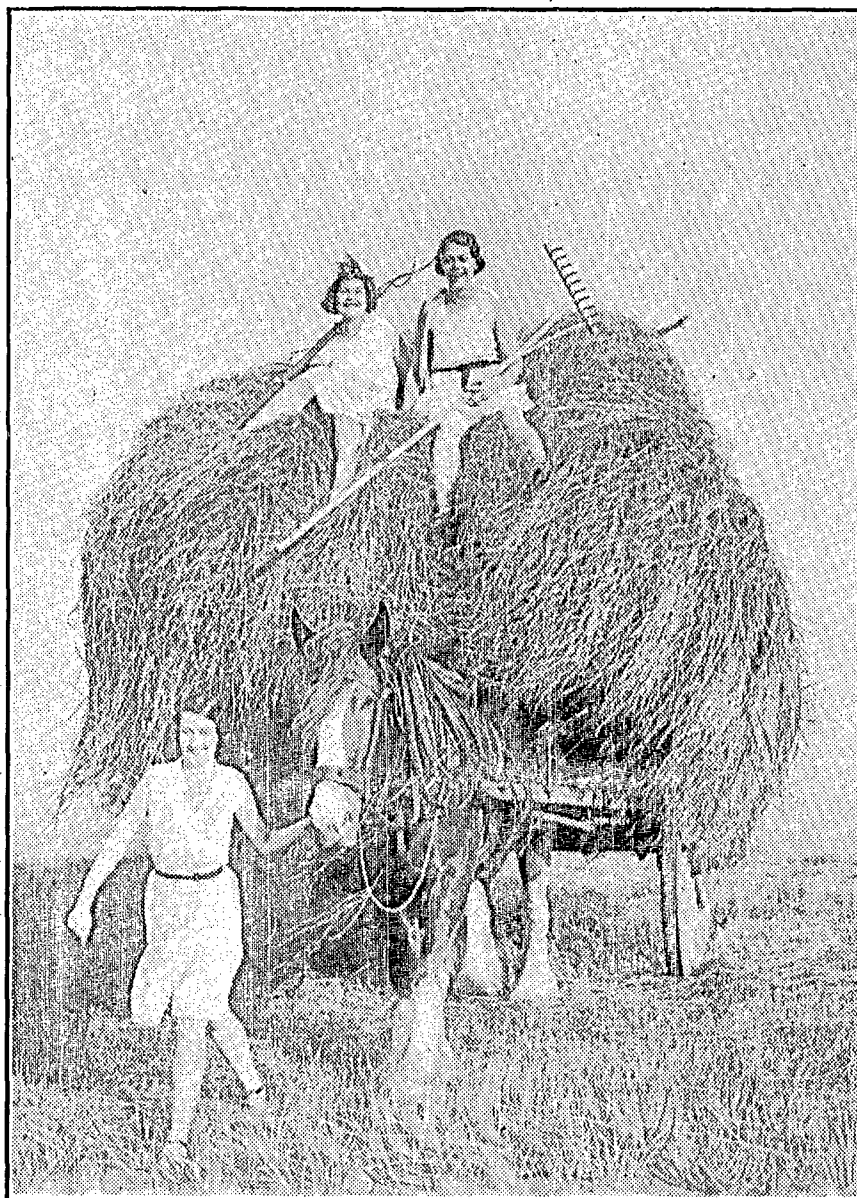
The Governor looked shocked. "How would you meet the lock charges?" he asked. "Just as the other ships do it, sir. I'd pay my tonnage."

The Governor laughed and gave permission.

Halliburton only swam three miles in the first two days, for he was never a great swimmer, but he got on faster afterwards. He was ill from sunburn, his whole back one great blister, which became infected and made him feverish. Once something hard and heavy struck him in the side, and his escort believed it was an alligator; they saw and shot several of the monsters on the shore.

Another time two barracudas "as big as elephants" leaped out of the water ten feet ahead of them. But the nastiest moment of the swim was when,

Holiday Haymakers



All the holidaymakers are not at the seaside. The three girls in this picture are thoroughly enjoying a hard day's work helping a farmer to cart his hay.

in a tremendous rainstorm, a ship loomed suddenly out of the mist not a hundred feet ahead. The freighter saw the rowboat at the last minute, and, suddenly veering to avoid it, made straight for the unseen swimmer. He struggled desperately to escape, and only just succeeded, feeling the churn of the propeller as the ship made its way past him.

The swimmer saw nothing of the lovely garden-like zone through which he swam. He fought his way through painfully and wearily, doing in eight days what a ship does in nine hours. But he thinks it was worth while. What fun to have a grudging gate-keeper opening eight hundred thousand pound gates of Gatun Lock for you, and to describe yourself as the Richard Halliburton registered in Memphis, Tennessee; length, five feet ten inches; beam, one foot; tonnage, one hundred and forty pounds.

He paid on tonnage—and it cost him 36 cents.

THE LIGHT OF A FISH Showing the Fishermen Where They Are

An interesting piece of news comes from the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries which tells how sardines are now being fished in Californian waters by the tell-tale light they give off.

So much light is caused by their swift movements in the luminescent sea that they can be easily located on a dark night, and the fishermen only go out when the Moon is not shining.

Wonderful photographs and sketches published by the New York Zoological Society show how some fish change their colour in an instant, some acquiring as many as seven colours. Some fussy fish have been found to change their colour if they find themselves in uncomfortable surroundings, or if they feel sick. At other times a fish will change colour if annoyed or afraid.

Photography has lately revealed many new facts about these colour changes.

THE SAME GREAT CUMBRAE

SIX SQUARE MILES OF HIGH IMPORTANCE

A Little Postscript to the Diary
of Sir Walter Scott

ONLY SCOTSMEN NEED APPLY

English people who take their holidays in the lovely country round about the Clyde are familiar with the Cumbraes, two little Buteshire islands lying in the Firth. Millport, on the southern shore of the larger island, is itself a popular summer resort.

Now visitors must remember to remain visitors, and not be suspected of lingering on hoping to work there for a livelihood, for the Town Council of Millport has decreed by solemn resolution that only Scotsmen are to be employed on the public work of such part of the island of Great Cumbrae as the Council controls. The bulk of the unhappy people who are driven to leave the Scottish island of St Kilda are not going to Cumbrae: they are going to an English town, Hull.

The white settlers overseas where our kindred are largely Scottish will join the hosts of Scots established in every profession, trade, and calling in England in a hearty laugh over this example of local patriotism in the Cumbraes, for the two islands figure in an immortal story exemplifying the dauntless sense of dignity of the good Cumbraeans.

Two Miserable Islands

It was Sir Walter Scott who preserved the incident, setting it down, not in one of his novels, but in his diary, just when it happened. Here is the entry as he wrote it:

Prayer of the minister of the Cumbraes, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde: O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbraes and in Thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

Miserable little islands the Cumbraes certainly are not today, but no stretch of fancy can enlarge their boundaries, and Great Cumbrae contains but five square miles and Little Cumbrae rather less than one square mile. So in the best of circumstances the neighbouring islands of Great Britain and Ireland could hardly hope to solve their unemployment problem by sending their idle workmen to Great Cumbrae.

THE TWO BOSTONS

Three hundred years ago the town of Boston was founded in the United States, many of the earlier settlers coming from Boston in Lincolnshire. In celebration of its tercentenary £10,000 has been collected and is to be sent to the Lincolnshire Boston to help to pay for the restoration of the famous Boston Stump.

AN OLD MAN'S TASK HIS GREAT EXAMPLE TO YOUTH

Solving the Mysteries of the
Sands of Asia

OVER MOUNTAINS TO DESERTS

Sir Aurel Stein, the famous Hungarian traveller, now in his sixty-eighth year, is once more on his way to the remote and fascinating but toilsome Lop Desert of Chinese Turkestan.

Sir Aurel has long been a faithful, daring, and learned servant of British India, of civilisation and of knowledge, on and beyond the borders of India. This time it is the American Harvard University and the British Museum that are jointly paying the cost of his expedition.

They do so because the sands of this Central Asian desert hide much of the early history of mankind. Once the desert was an inland sea in the midst of a prosperous country that by its trade linked China with Eastern Europe.

Home of Departed Races

It is surrounded by lofty mountains. The Karakorum, Kwen-Lun, and Altin-Tagh mountains on the south and the Tien Shan mountains on the north send down their streams into this wide intervening plain where few people dwell.

The people are few because the mountains are being fast disintegrated by wind and weather; their sands, driven on the winds, are covering up the plain, and have nearly sanded over the whole of the basin that was a sea. The rivers are lost in the sands that are the ruins of the hills, and what was the sea, and later the Lake Lob Nor, is now only a salt-crusted stretch of marshy land, lake-like only in the wettest season. Yet this and other neighbouring lands of Central Asia were once the rearing-ground of races that went forth and populated countries now rich and populous, while their cradle-land is crumbling and silting-up into ruins and desolation.

Visions of the Past

Sir Aurel Stein has been there before and has made very interesting discoveries. He has clearly proved that through this plain there passed 2000 years ago trading caravans carrying westward the products of China to the markets of the Greeks and the Romans in Europe, and, returning eastward to China, brought the products of Europe there; and we know that six and a half centuries ago the Venetian traveller Marco Polo followed this route between Persia and China and described it faithfully. But the destructive powers of Nature, more even than the destructive powers of Man, have been at work here, and such renown as the shrinking ancient sea may have had is itself shrinking out of existence. So Sir Aurel is toiling again over the mountains and into the dreary plain to find knowledge of the past which, if it is not soon found, may be obliterated.

A Journey of Years

He is just the man for the work, for he has an extensive knowledge of Eastern languages, a great experience of all forms of travel, a remarkable power of observation, and a rare knowledge of ancient history and archaeology.

His expedition is crossing the great mountain barriers north of India in two parties, through passes that lie between the lofty ranges of Hindu Kush and Karakorum. One party will skirt Afghanistan through the State of Swat and the other will start from Kashmir and meet them beyond the most northerly point in the course of the River Indus. Then they will together cross the lofty Pamirs plateau, where

BANK'S WONDERFUL HOME

NEW H.Q. FOR LLOYDS

The Great Buildings Now
Adorning the Great City

MONEY CASTLES

While New York soars ever higher London is now burrowing deeper to find office space in her business district.

Three of the storeys of the great new City building in Lombard Street, the headquarters of Lloyds Bank, which has been designed by Sir John Burnet, are built in a 50-foot basement.

This is a development of building which may have come to stay now that the great problems of underground lighting and ventilation have been solved. Lloyds' new bank has an artificial sunlight roof for lighting the offices in the top basement, and there is a wonderful ventilation plant below it. This draws down from the roof air which is purified and pumped into each room. Four times an hour the air in the whole building is completely changed; it is heated in winter and cooled in summer.

Sunshine and Fresh Air

Basement life will be cheerful instead of depressing, with sunshine and fresh air all the year round. The influenza germ will surely never feel quite at home in these surroundings, for special glass admitting ultra-violet rays is used throughout the building.

As safe as a church is an old proverb. As safe as a bank might be a new one. Banks tend to become safer and safer. The strong rooms of this Lloyds bank, 240,000 cubic feet in area, have walls three feet thick and ceilings made of granite concrete blocks. A person must use six keys before he can enter a strong room.

Machines are a feature of the building. There are telewriter machines with which the cashiers exchange messages with the accounts department below, and machines also supersede the old laborious system of bookkeeping.

Two Thousand Letters a Day

At least a thousand letters a day arrive at the bank and another thousand go outward; in the post department alone 84 girls are hard at work all day. Time is money, and every effort is made to save it; a private telephone system has been installed as well as the switch room for the Post Office telephones. This self-contained bank has also its own water supply. Two 500-foot-deep artesian wells have been sunk, and these supply 12,000 gallons of water an hour to the building.

Twentieth-century banks may one day attract the sightseers of generations to come. Everywhere these costly buildings are rising. From the flat roof of Lloyds Bank can be seen at least five great castles of money which are fast being rebuilt in the heart of London by the best builders and architects of our time.

Continued from the previous column

the Russians are in possession, to Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan, and from there the ancient caravan route will lead them into the desert which is far more of a desert than it was 2000 years ago.

It is a journey that will take years, and all who think it is well that the history of the ancient world should be linked up with the story of the modern world will follow Sir Aurel's enterprise with keen interest, and will wish that it may crown his long career with a notable triumph. He sets a fine example to men half his age.

FORGOTTEN HERO OF DOVER

Old Story Comes to Mind
AT THE TOUCH OF A SPADE

Workmen digging in Saxon Street, Dover, the other day came upon something which recalled a brave sad story of the past.

Nine feet below the surface they found a very old skeleton of a tall man. Then they remembered that Saxon Street runs over the ruins of a priory church which was built about 1130.

One day in 1295 strange ships appeared in the harbour. Dover streets rang with cries: "The French are upon us! The French are upon us!" People fled, and the monks fled too.

Only Thomas de la Hale remained. He was a very old man, and it did not seem meet to him to run away like a frightened child. So when the invaders burst into the priory they found one old monk waiting meekly to accept whatever fate might send.

Our Ruthless Bluebeard

The raiders seized him and ordered him to lead them to where the treasure was kept.

He refused. The treasure had been given for the glory of God; he would not buy his life with it.

So they killed the old man and burned the priory.

The monks came back when the raiders had gone, and the priory was restored. But Henry the Eighth, our Bluebeard King, was worse than the French and destroyed more thoroughly. He sold the roof of the Lady Chapel for 13s and the altar and gravestones for 12s, while his commissioner took 20 tons of timber. The Refectory was left and today forms part of Dover College.

But a street runs over the stately church and the man in the street forgets it all until a workman uncovers the resting-place of one who may have been a saint in those ancient days.

AT THE LAST HOUR

The Bedford Book of Hours
to Remain

It is good news that the Bedford Book of Hours, the wondrous illuminated manuscript in which an old monk drew hundreds of portraits of nobles, princes, archbishops, and monks of medieval England, should have been preserved for England of today and tomorrow.

It is good news, too, that this legacy of the past should have been kept by the help and generosity of our American friend Mr Pierpont Morgan, who must have been sorely tempted to take it with him to add to his other treasures in America.

It is again good news that at the last moment, when the treasure seemed lost for the lack of the £19,000 necessary to make up its price, the trustees of the British Museum and the National Art Collections fund of private subscribers should have made the effort necessary to keep it.

It is less good news that its fate should have hung in the balance so long, and we hope that now it belongs to us some people will go to the British Museum to see it.

LINDBERGH'S GLASS

There was a clever piece of propaganda at a health exhibition the other day.

Nowadays there is just as much propaganda as in the war, but it is directed to making us change our politics, or to keep the nursery window open, or, again, to give up alcohol.

The clever piece of propaganda was devoted to that end. It showed a plate of sandwiches and a glass of water, and was labelled: "Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic on this."

There is no answer to such an argument.

A WIRELESS MYSTERY The Heaviside Layer

By a Scientific Correspondent

The Heaviside layer is under suspicion. Suspicion has fallen on it because some of the things which are charged to its presence in the upper atmosphere might happen in some other way. It is not the Heaviside layer's performances which are in doubt, but the way it performs.

Now as formerly when a great explosion of electrons is provoked at Hill-marton, our biggest transmitting station, the disturbance thus created will travel all round the world, though in doing so the electrons must pursue a curved path due to the curvature of the globe.

Mr Oliver Heaviside, before he died, explained this by supposing that there was a layer of electrified particles at a height varying from 250 to 400 miles above the globe, and completely surrounding it. The ejected electrons, supposed for the convenience of theory to move like a wave, could not penetrate this belt, but were continually reflected downward from it, and so made to conform to the Earth's curve, following it to the most distant destinations.

A Serious Challenge

But the 250 or 400 miles layer was not the only one. There are others 150 miles and 70 miles up.

These are the obstacles which dim the brightness of the Heaviside reflecting mirror. If they exist the electrons distributed by the wireless stations would not reach the outer layer of conducting electrified particles which was supposed by Mr Heaviside to reflect them.

They would be zigzagged backward and forward between the Earth and the 70 miles layer. This is the new theory put forward by Dr A. S. Eve, the very able Professor of Physics at McGill University, Montreal.

A challenge from such an authority to the Heaviside layer is a serious one. But before the old-established layer quite gives up the ghost it may find fresh supporters. A theory is always based on measured or measurable facts. Till now the Heaviside layer has best answered the test of these facts of wireless impulses and their reception.

Another theory may arise which will explain the facts without reference to layers, or waves, or even to the existence of an ether in which both are supposed to exist. Till then the Heaviside layer may still be found worthy of support.

THINGS SAID

Wait till the Bus rolls by.

On a seat in a country road outside Oakham
Any passenger in any plane should wear a parachute.

Lady Ellibank

There is no one in the world happier than I am.

Matron of a Leper Hospital
The National Trust is the Keeper of the Nation's Memory.

Mr Clough Williams-Ellis

Out of a handful of coral reefs valued at a few dollars we made Bombay.

Lord Lloyd

The older I grow the more sensitive I become to the loveliness of things.

Mr Havelock Ellis

Some of you have ugly faces, but if you go on smiling nobody notices it.

B.-P. to the Scouts

Five things a child desires: to imitate, to excel, to know, to possess, and never to be let down.

The Dean of Chester

Niagara Falls is the domestic servant of every housewife in Toronto.

Miss Marjorie Harrison

For half our boys the Street Gang is the only possible club.

National Association of Boys Clubs

It is impossible to feel helpless at a place where the worst terrors of tuberculosis have been overcome.

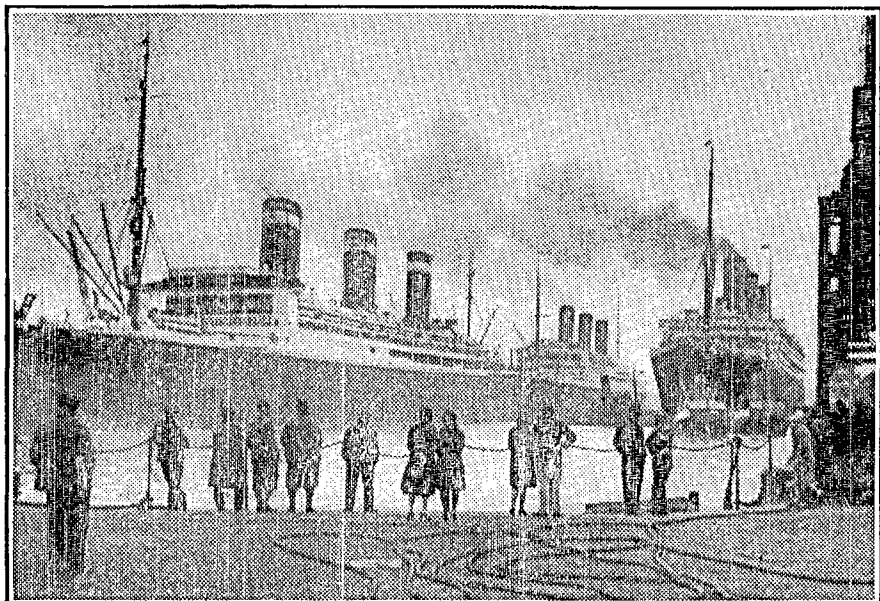
Prince George at Papworth

August 16, 1930

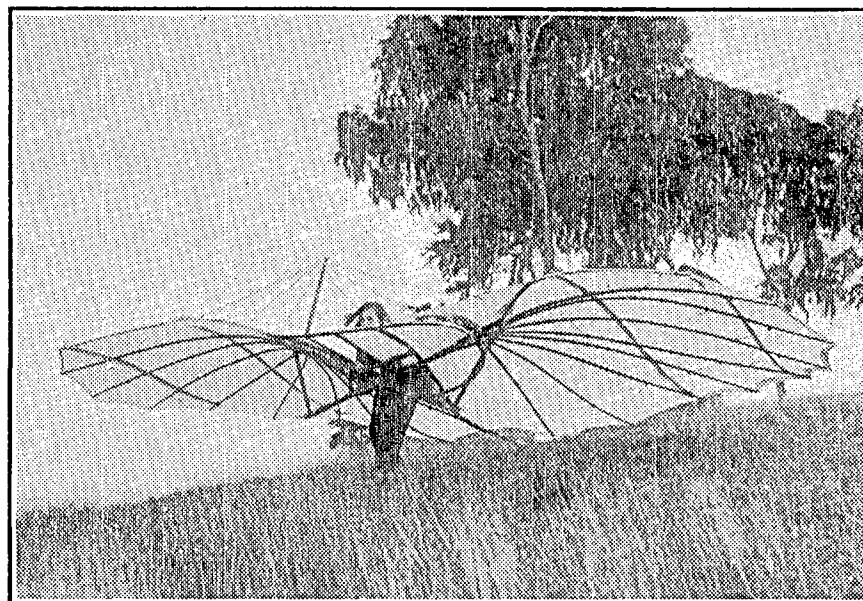
The Children's Newspaper

3

GIANT LINERS MEET · PONY AS NURSEMAID · SEA VOYAGE FOR TRAMS



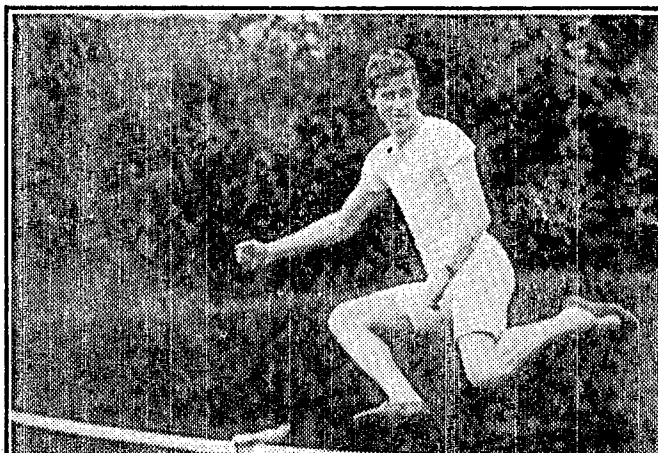
Gathering of Giants—Southampton is a particularly busy port at the height of the transatlantic passenger season. Here is the scene recently when the world's biggest liners, *Leviathan*, *Majestic*, and *Berengaria*, were seen in dock there together, a very unusual occurrence.



Historic Glider—A German pilot is conducting experiments with a glider constructed to the designs of Lillenthal, the early flight pioneer. A pupil is here seen with the glider on the hill in the Stollner Mountains where Lillenthal met with his fatal accident in 1896.



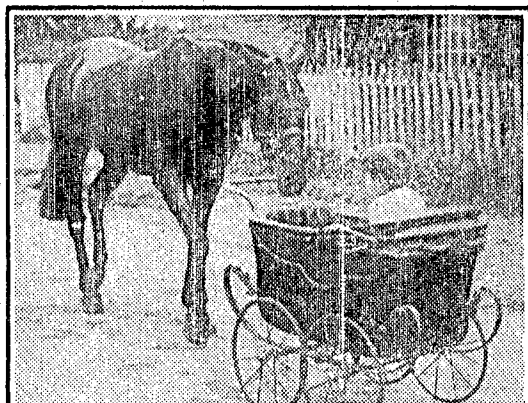
C.N. in Peru—Few papers are more widely distributed than the C.N. Here is a group of enthusiastic young readers at the International School at Arequipa, in Peru.



The Dog Shows the Way—M. H. Coote, seen in this photograph jumping over a tennis net with a dog, recently won the Senior Championship at the sports of Woking County School. His two younger brothers won the Junior and the Under Twelve championships.



Open-Air Life—These happy German boys are enjoying a holiday on the coast of the Bay of Lubeck at the camp of the Friends of Children Society, seen below.



Pony as Nursemaid—This 20-year-old pony belonging to a farmer at Princes Risborough regularly takes a little boy out in a perambulator, as shown here.



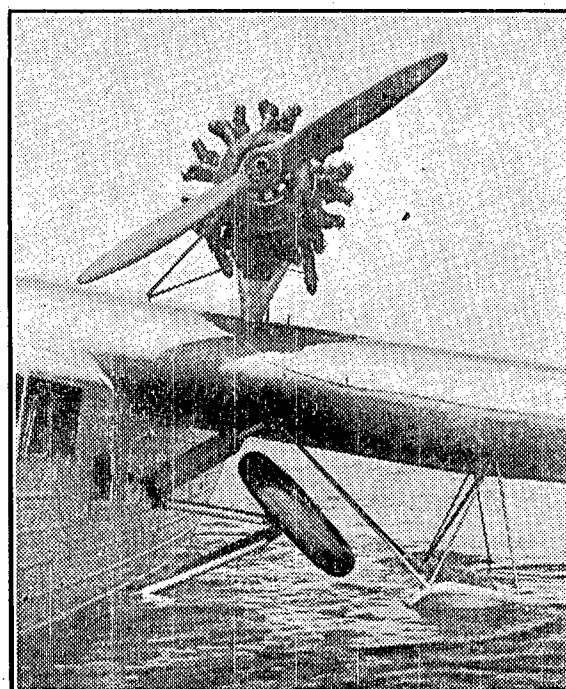
A Camp for Children—Here we see children filling their mattresses with straw in the camp of the Friends of Children Society, an organisation of German Workers.



Long Voyage for Trams—A number of trackless tramcars for Johannesburg were recently shipped to South Africa from the London docks. Here we see one of the trams being lifted aboard.



The Airman's Lifebelt—Flying displays usually include a parachute demonstration such as this, a spectacular feat which shows how an airman may save himself in case of accident.



An Amphibian—This picture of the Saunders-Roe Cloud, a new flying-boat capable of operating from land or water, shows clearly how the landing wheels are drawn up on water.

SEEING THROUGH A BRICK WALL

TELEVISION APPEARS IN PUBLIC

An Inventor's Dream Comes True At Last

HOW IT IS DONE

At last the general public has been able to behold for itself an inventor's dream of making men and things visible at a distance through any intervening obstacles come true.

Mr Baird's television, his method of sending images over a wire, which has been so long expected and so often declared to be impracticable, has been shown at the Coliseum to be an accomplished fact.

It is a very wonderful fact, and was not made any less impressive by the roughness or crudity of the pictures. Here, the spectator could say to himself, is the actual representation, without any illusion, of something that is going on a quarter of a mile away behind a dozen brick walls.

Portraits in the Rough

This is an early instalment of an invention which some day must bring before our eyes, with clearer vision and without crudity, occurrences that are happening fifty miles or five thousand miles away.

It is not necessary to deny that these first telegraphed living pictures were rough and blurred.

Imagine a rather small window, about six feet by three, as the mirror on which the magic pictures are to appear. On this screen appear the head and shoulders of a man or woman. At the first demonstration at the Coliseum the Lord Mayor of London, Mr Sydney Moseley, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh appeared—and spoke.

In the Long Acre studio, a quarter of a mile away, a very strong light was playing on their faces while they made their little speeches. The Coliseum spectators, at the other end of the wire, were seeing and hearing what a spectator in the studio could see and hear.

Blurred Features

They could not see quite as clearly. The complicated method of transmission alters the vision of the object even more than the microphone alters the voice. For an impression of what these televised living pictures resembled take a strong magnifying glass to one of the heads of a figure in the C.N. pictures.

The head and shoulders thus magnified will appear as a pattern of dots in which the features will have become rather blurred. The features of the living heads on the television screen have this general appearance, and the lights and shadows are blurred. In addition, owing to the method of transmission, there is a continuous flicker.

A Living Picture

But the features do move. It is a living picture. In response to requests of the audience one of the people "televised" from the studio passed his hand over his eyes, laughed, frowned, and, after saying that he could not really do a thing like that, bashfully put out his tongue! No doubt could be left on the mind of a spectator. This was the real thing.

In an ordinary still-life photograph the light is reflected from the person or object photographed on to a chemically sensitive plate.

In a television photograph the light is reflected on to an electrically sensitive plate, where the differences in the values of light and shade affect the strength of a current passing through the plate.

These differences of light and shade are made effective on the electrically sensitive plate by causing the light to pass through holes in a rapidly revolving

SCOUTS KEEP A CENTENARY

Belgium's 100 Years

THE BIG JAMBOREE AT LIÉGE

The Boy Scouts of Belgium have been celebrating the centenary of the independence of their country by holding an International Jamboree at Liège. Scouts from all over the world have been congregating there including two hundred from England.

The camping ground was along the banks of the River Meuse, and was divided into sub-camps in which each troop worked more or less independently. There were camp shops, banks, and a post-office, telegraph offices where messages could be sent all over the world, a hospital with a doctor, and a staff of interpreters.

The celebrations included a day of displays for the interest of the public and huge camp fires.

The Belgian Government has organised a big exhibition at Liège, similar to Wembley, showing the development of science and industry in Belgium and the growth of art.

Old Walloon, as the district is called, has for centuries been famous for its art, and some of the finest masterpieces of carving and metal work, with wonderful examples of religious art, have been on view. The Scouts have visited this exhibition, and arrangements were made for everything to be explained to them.

Other excursions have been made to factories surrounding Liège, which is the centre of Belgium's chief industrial area and the coal-mining district, and to the Ardennes Forest, which is famous for its beauty.

The Belgian people have been doing their utmost to give the Scouts a memorable fortnight. To them it has been a time of great rejoicing.

NEW ZEALAND'S NEW FOREST

Now New Zealand has been planting a New Forest. Forests have sprung up in the central region of the North Island of New Zealand during the last thirty years, and they will be used to supply timber when the older forests have become too small to supply the country's increasing needs.

It is possible to travel for more than twenty miles through a remarkable forest planted by the State Forestry Department where thousands of acres have been planted with firs, larches, blue gums, and other trees.

Glorious avenues stretch for miles through verdant growth till they blend into the mist of the far distance. In the autumn the New Forest of New Zealand is dressed in all its glory, for the larches are arrayed in their red and gold, and the contrast with the dark greens of the evergreen gums and pines makes a picture which cannot fail to arrest the eye of the traveller.

Continued from the previous column

metal plate in front of the object that is being photographed.

The holes are so arranged and the metal plate so revolves that the whole surface of the photographed sitter is very rapidly covered or scanned by a pencil of light. It goes all over the sitter in a second of time.

The alterations of the current produced by the alterations of light and shade are sent over the wire and are reproduced at the other end on another electrically sensitive apparatus.

This, in its turn, converts the electrical impulses back into impulses of light and these impulses are distinguished as light and shade by another wheel of holes revolving in exact time with the first one at the transmitting end of the apparatus.

It sounds a complicated process, but in a year or two it will be as everyday a thing as Big Ben on the wireless.

THE FACTORY GIRL

In England and in China

THE DIFFERENCE CIVILISATION MEANS

If a factory girl from Bournville or Port Sunlight could meet a factory girl from China they would astonish each other beyond words.

The English girl works for so many hours and then is free as air.

The Chinese girl starts work at daylight, eats her dinner at the machine, and then works on till dusk. She sleeps in the factory.

Every sixth day is a half holiday and every seventh a whole holiday in England. Only the first and fifteenth days of the month are holidays in China.

The factory hand in England usually enjoys more entertainment than the daughter of a doctor or a solicitor; grounds are provided for games and holiday camps are organised.

Little Girls in Bondage

The little Chinese girls have no recreations. When work is done they sit on their beds and gossip in the dark. On 27 days in each month they have no recreation or exercise. This is the general state of affairs. Some factory buildings are better than others, but the hours and conditions are the same.

Into such bondage go little girls of 12, and few of the girls are more than 20. Perhaps they endure their slavery until they have enough money for a dowry, and then a little sister goes to the machine.

It is pleasant to know of a scheme the missionaries have for providing the factory girls with a club. They could not go to it in the evening, like English girls, but they could use it on the fortnightly holiday, and they would then be sure of having something more amusing to do than gossip or wander about the streets.

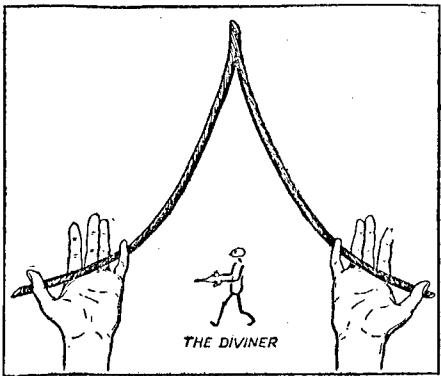
FINDING WATER

How an Australian Does It

A West Australian agriculturist to whom the C.N. has more than once been indebted for practical information comments on the finding of water by the use of the hazel-twig method of divining.

He says he has discovered he has the power of using the hazel forked-stick successfully, and he finds that this mysterious power is so common in Western Australia as to be regarded as not unusual.

He illustrates the method of holding the twig by this diagram.



The twig is held in both hands, the palms being upward. The rod passes under the little finger, over the other three fingers, and under the thumb of each hand. The elbows are held tightly against the ribs. The forearm, hands, and fork are parallel to the ground, and the apex of the twig points straight forward. The thumbs may be placed with the ball of the thumb on the stem of the twig to ensure a firm grip.

In his case the point of the twig is deflected toward his chest when he passes over underground water, and he can discover it even when it is under rock.

JOHN WILLIAMS V

THE CHILDREN'S SHIP

Hail and Farewell at the Great Ports

BOUND FOR FIJI

For the last few months the good ship John Williams the Fifth has been putting into our great ports, and children have been gathering to welcome her and to bid her farewell.

From Leith to Newcastle and North Shields she has sailed, then northward again to Scotland, and afterwards down the west coast, calling at Manchester, Fleetwood, Liverpool, Bangor, Swansea, Cardiff, and by way of Bristol along the south coast, till she anchors off London next month.

It is only a little ship, but the boys and girls who think of the London Missionary Society as their own will be proud when they see her to say: "This is *our* ship; we built her; and we shall keep her going. Hail!" Hail and farewell it will be, for when John Williams the Fifth sets sail from these shores under its jolly skipper its home will be in the Fiji Islands. But it will still be "our ship" to thousands of our young people, just as John Williams the Fourth belonged to their fathers.

The Emblem of Peace

It is nearly ninety years since the children of Great Britain built a ship named after the famous missionary John Williams to sail among the islands of the Pacific. Since that day there has always been a John Williams sailing somewhere in the Southern Seas. The last one, the fourth of the line, has now grown too old for active service, and in her place this little schooner has been built at Grangemouth.

There, on a bright sunny day early this summer, led by a band of pipers, a crowd of friends of the London Missionary Society, whose ship John Williams is, marched to the launching in a famous dockyard where the first steamship for commercial purposes was launched many years ago.

To show its purpose the ship flies a flag on which there is a dove carrying in its beak the emblem of Peace. The ship is a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner, Bermuda rigged, and has cost something like £15,000. It was a happy idea of the London Missionary Society, 86 years ago, to make the ship the property of the children of this country, and it was another happy idea to send the new ship round the chief ports so that the children who belong to the churches supporting the L.M.S. could have a chance of seeing her before she sails for the Fiji Islands, where her home will be at Suva.

A Substitute for Champagne

In the course of time the crew will be Gilbertese Islanders, who are a seafaring people, and the ship will sail among those remote islands and other little isles where without such a ship missionary work would be impossible.

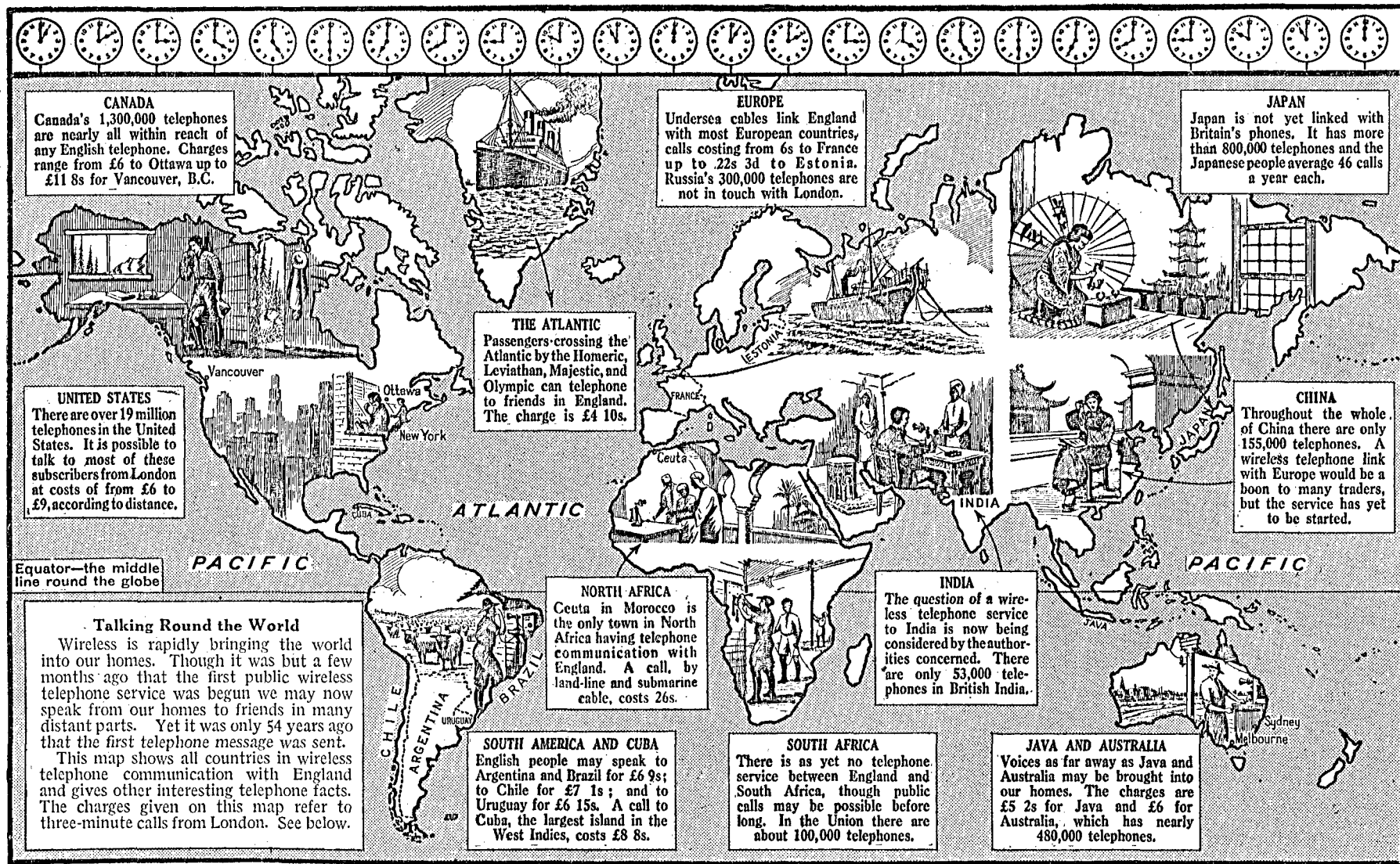
It is good to remember that at the launching of the ship Lady Carmichael swung the bottle against the bows in the old style and christened her John Williams, but instead of the champagne which is usually in the bottle used for this purpose the bottle was filled with coconut milk. This is the drink of the islanders to whom the ship will go, so that it was much more fitting to use it than to use champagne.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Elizabethan silver-gilt jug . . .	£3275
17th century Armenian carpet . . .	£3150
Set of Ruskin's diaries . . .	£1600
Chinese bowl . . .	£1260
Portrait by Tintoretto . . .	£1103
Pair of flint-lock pistols . . .	£970
Letter by Burns . . .	£630

C.N. WORLD TELEPHONE MAP—BRINGING THE COUNTRIES TO OUR HOMES



TELEPHONES OF THE WORLD

Some Interesting Facts and Figures

The telephone is regarded by many as a very mixed blessing, but the world would be a much poorer place without it.

Some interesting figures concerning the use made of the telephone in the countries of the world have been compiled by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Though in Britain the telephone service is a Government affair more than two-thirds of the world's telephones (nearly 33 millions in all) are operated by private companies.

There are more than 19 million telephones in the United States, or nearly 60 per cent of the world's total, which means roughly one for every six of the population. Germany, with nearly three million phones, or one for every 22 people, has more telephones than any other European country. Britain has more than a million and three-quarters, or one for every 26 of the population. Greece has one telephone for each thousand of her population; India one for 5000. Denmark has one for about nine people; New Zealand one for ten; and Canada roughly one for seven.

San Francisco is the best served of any town in the world, having one telephone for every three people.

The tremendous use made of the telephone in America may be gauged from the fact that in the United States each person makes an average of 231 calls a year and in Canada 241 calls. The figure is only just over 30 for Great Britain and Northern Ireland; 38 for Germany; and just over ten for Spain.

More than 115 million miles of wire are used for carrying the world's telephone messages. The systems of one country are rapidly being linked with those of others separated from it by vast oceans by the increasing use of wireless.

See World Map

TREASURE TROVE

And an Honest Workman

A Rumanian visitor is carrying home very pleasant recollections of London.

One of his trunks had to be repaired. Soon after he had left it at a shop he received a telephone message asking him to call back.

He was met by a workman who said that he was about to mend the trunk when he found a considerable sum of money in it.

Professor Morionianu, the owner, says that he got a good scolding for his carelessness, but as the workman is Irish the scolding did not lack humour. The Professor thinks well of British honesty.

BROKEN GLASS

The Worst Kind of Litter Lout

William Yates was fined 10s at Brighton the other day for leaving broken glass on the beach.

Perhaps it was enough. There are many who think it was not. People who love children feel that hardly anything is bad enough for the people who leave broken glass where children play.

After all, if a man is strong enough to carry a full bottle to a picnic he ought to be strong enough to carry an empty bottle back. A little child might have cut an artery or been severely injured because William Yates was lazy.

TUNGSEC

The Tungsec system is a new method of woodblock roadwork which is guaranteed waterproof and weathertight. Each block has a projecting piece at one end, with a groove of similar size at the other, and when laid the tongues and grooves of the blocks interlock.

This method of interlocking blocks was well tested during recent heavy rainstorms, for three sections of road have already been experimented with. While other blocks in all parts of London were being washed up by the storm the Tungsec system stood the strain.

WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN AMERICA

The Amazing Case of Detroit

Some of the pride of the citizens of the United States in their rich, powerful, and successful country must be shaken when they have to tell the world what happened in Detroit.

Detroit is the fourth largest city in America, but in lawlessness it appears to be a good second to Chicago. It had a mayor, Mr Charles Bowles, who was elected as a reformer expected to clean up the city. He has been ejected after nine months' trial by a majority of Detroit's citizens.

The ejectors declared that, so far from having cleaned up the betting and gambling houses, he tolerated them.

Three hours after the poll had been declared Mr Gerald Buckley, who had taken an active part in the campaign against the mayor, was shot down by three gunmen, who then got away.

It is said that the murder had nothing to do with the mayoralty, but was an act of private revenge by the gangsters and bootleggers whom Mr Buckley had publicly attacked.

But what a town, and what a state of affairs when gangsters, which is another name for those who control the drink traffic, can defy the law and count on getting away with it!

700 PIGEONS RACE A TRAIN

A thrilling race between 700 pigeons and the Flying Scotsman express ended the other day in a victory for the train.

The express, which was due in Newcastle at 3.36 p.m., arrived on time, but the first pigeon did not reach there until four minutes past five.

The pigeon had flown 270 miles.

The birds' starting-point was the courtyard of the House of Commons, where Sir James Melville, the Solicitor-General, had released them at the moment of the departure of the Flying Scotsman from King's Cross.

A MAN'S HAND

Queer Experience in Mid-Air

HOW A FILM WAS TAKEN

A man who has been exploring Bolivia showed a film of his travels to a London audience the other day.

On the screen a distant snow-capped mountain was seen.

"Directly I caught sight of that," said the traveller, "I made up my mind to fly round it and take its picture from the air. So I hired an aeroplane and set off."

The picture on the screen flickered, and the people in that London hall could almost hear the aeroplane engines roar as they were carried up higher and nearer and nearer to that mountain till snow-capped peaks seemed all around them.

"The height was so great," went on the lecturer, "that we had to call on our oxygen supplies. I must have done something silly with mine, for suddenly the pilot noticed that I was unconscious. He turned and flew back at once to the landing-place, and there I recovered."

And those who were watching seemed to feel the aeroplane turn as the mountain swerved to one side, grew smaller, and then only occasional glimpses of sky and land were seen as in a blur.

"By the way," added the lecturer, "the pilot told me that all the time I was unconscious my hand was still turning the camera."

And that was the picture they had been looking at those last few moments, a picture produced by the hand of an unconscious man.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ceuta	Soo-tah
Dione	De-o-ne
Kashgar	Kahsh-gar
Pamir	Pah-meer
Tethys	Tee-this

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 16

1930

Bombing the Countryside

WE were delighted when we heard that the War Office was to clear a great piece of the English countryside, removing first all living things and then bombing it. Here, we thought, the military mind has at last risen to its opportunities. We shall have a great clear up of common ugliness, and England will be beautiful again.

We wondered whether an extension of the great idea could be suggested to the bombers. There are so many things which disfigure the fair face of England that could be removed by well-placed bombing.

But, alas and alack, we congratulated ourselves and the War Office too soon. It is not the Aunt Sallys and the hideous posters that are to be blown up. There is to be no explosive removal of the pink-roofed bungalows and unashamed tea shanties along the ribboned roads. The War Office has merely selected one of Old England's most sacred valleys for a bombing pit.

Not much of Southern England is left unspoiled by the builder and the motor-coach, but the Vale of the White Horse by Uffington is one of the places still lovely. In these chalk downs of Berkshire the oldest race of Britain, which not even the Romans could quite subdue, kept its flocks and worshipped among its caves and sacred stones.

By Ashdown, long after King Arthur had gone down in legendary fighting against invaders of Britain, Alfred the Great rallied his forces to repel successfully another barbarian onslaught.

It is ground made holy by the blood and faith of our forefathers. The War Office wishes to convert it into a small-scale reproduction of a modern battlefield, with bombs filling the air with smoke and noise.

The War Office has a genius for doing this kind of thing. Was it not Lulworth that it pounced on as a Tank station? We seem to remember that it was induced with the greatest difficulty to remove the unsightly buildings of its aerodrome from the neighbourhood of Stonehenge. It has stopped short of proposing to bomb Stonehenge or the White Horse itself, but the giving up of these targets must have been a wrench to its sensitive soul.

It seems to us more than time that the Prime Minister, who has an eye for beauty and a mind for hallowed things, should say a few words to whoever is responsible for these proposals. Our countryside has still a chance if the War Office will keep out of the way or will bomb the right things and the right places. But this attack on the Vale of Uffington is an outrage and must be stopped.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Progress

EVERY day, we are told, Science does something to make the world a better place to live in.

Yesterday we heard that the Squawkies were driving Drama from the stage.

Today we hear that the Zoo has an ape which has been taught to smoke ten cigarettes a day.

Well, well!

For Want of Thought

IT has long ceased to be true, unhappily, that the possession of a motor-car implies the possession of manners.

Perhaps it may not be in vain to appeal to motorists pulling up for lunch in the car to draw the car on to the grass instead of blocking the highway. It must be within the knowledge of all motorists that swerving to avoid standing cars on the roads is a frequent cause of accidents; yet cars are continually left in the way of traffic when a little thought would have put them out of danger's way.

One Good Tern Deserves Another

THE Scottish spearmen "who still made good their rude impene-trable wood" were recalled by a scene on the Peterhead Golf Course when a circle of determined Scots ringed a little bird from the Arctic.

All unknowing that a golf tournament was to be played on the links an Arctic tern had built its nest on the fairway to the thirteenth hole.

The Peterhead Golf Club knew it and made a favourite of the fearless bird. When the tournament came on they feared that the crowd following the matches might trample on the nest and its two eggs.

Consequently a little detachment of members guarded the place all through the meeting, and at the Final tie, when the crowd was large, made a circle round the nest and warded off wandering spectators.

Many of these must have wondered, as well as wandered, when they saw this odd sight of the Peterhead guard of honour, with the angry tern, who could not understand the proceedings at all, wheeling above their heads.

But they saved the nest, and soon two little terns will be ready to fly back to the Arctic.

How Not To Town Plan

TRULY we may ask to be saved from some sorts of Town Planning.

On the road entering Dorking from London is an estate which assures us that "this estate is being developed on Town-Planning principles." One of the first things that meet the eye as we look is the word CAFÉ thrown in huge letters across a roof of pink tiles!

A Message for Everyone in Sorrow

THERE is one more thing we would like to say about the late St John Adcock, and we give it because we believe and hope that all the world over, whenever this paper is read, the sentence will bring a marvellous power and hope with it. It was written by Mr Adcock after the death of the daughter he was so soon to follow into another world. Crushed by sorrow, he yet wrote to another man of letters:

We have a firm belief in the future; and are more certain than we are of most things that she is not dead.

Little One in the Crowd

They might not need me; but they might.

I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

Emily Dickinson

Tip-Cat

THE average Scot is a good listener. He never lends you his ear without interest.

It is dangerous to get into a canoe unless you can swim. More dangerous to fall out.

A DOCTOR tells us that tennis produces a hard, fixed expression. A set look.

CHECK frocks, says a fashion writer, are ideal for children at the seaside.

But on holiday children should not be kept in check.

FLYING is simple, says an airman. Only needs air-craft.

A SMILE often reveals a man's character, says a writer. Also his teeth.

ENGLISH girls are well balanced, says a foreigner. He has evidently been weighing them up.

IN every season of the year the Sun casts long shadows in England. But they do not last long.

THE silent Englishman has disappeared. No one heard him go.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

CADBURYs have given Frankley Beeches, a fine height 800 feet above the sea, to the National Trust in memory of the founders of Bournville.

NEGROES on a West India plantation have sent £24 for distressed British miners.

JUST AN IDEA

Nothing can keep the world going but universal work and goodwill.

Lost, a Goddess

By Our Country Girl

There are ponies in the mines, the hunters of Somerset are organising to defend their cruelty, and barbarism rages once again in the bull-rings of Spain.

ABOVE the Roman stables
There stood a little shrine
For Epona, the goddess,
All hung with garlands fine.

AND Gallic grooms and Romans
Believed she gave her care
To chariot horse and plough horse
And leggy foal and mare.

THE war horse and the pack horse,
The great horse and the small,
The Arab, mule, and donkey,
The goddess loved them all.

SHE kept away bad fairies,
She sent the corn and hay,
And when beasts went to battle
She turned the darts away.

ALACK! that she has vanished,
And all her shrines are bare.
Fly, birds, unto Olympus,
And say we lack her care.

OTELL of blind pit ponies
And bull-ring crimes in Spain,
And surely she will pity
And come to Earth again.

A Prayer of Saint Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace!
Where there is hatred let me sow love.
Where there is injury let me sow pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.

Grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love;
For
It is in giving that we receive,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Ideas of Norman Angell

Things Upside Down

PEOPLE have a way of going through life with the most fundamental arguments turned upside down. Those of us who work for peace are always being told that we forget human nature, and that man is a fighting animal, quarrelsome, un-reasoning, pugnacious.

But that is just why we must have a League of Nations. It is the only reason. If men were always reasonable, always saw the point of view of the other fellow, we should not want a League. But neither should we want Constitutions, Parliaments, Courts, Ten Commandments. These are the means we have of disciplining the unruly in man, of dealing with imperfect human nature by institutions. The time has now come to add another.

Thousands never realise that they have this human nature argument turned exactly upside down.

August 6, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

7

A CAPTAIN STEPS DOWN

CHANCE FOR A BOY WHO WANTS FAME

Heroic Navigator of the Southern Polar Seas

WITH SHACKLETON AND SCOTT

A fine old explorer has dropped out of the ranks.

He is Captain John King Davis, the friend of Scott, Shackleton, and Amundsen, who the other day brought the Discovery back from a hazardous journey among the ice packs and blizzards of the Antarctic, where the British flag has been flown on land till then untrodden by human feet.

It is 23 years since Captain Davis made his first trip to the Antarctic with Shackleton. His next journey was in the Aurora with Sir Douglas Mawson. It was he who was chosen to undertake the difficult task of rescuing Shackleton's Ross Sea party.

A Typical Sailing Man

With his tall, lean figure, his shrewd blue eyes, his trim red beard, he is a typical sailing man, and is acknowledged to be one of the finest Antarctic navigators the world has known. He was trained in sailing ships and remained in them when steamers were everywhere replacing them. He has had a sea named after him and has been decorated with the Antarctic medal.

The gallant little ship Discovery was lying the other day alongside one of the wharves at Port Melbourne, and the writer's first impression on seeing her was how very small a ship she is to have battled for so long in ice-infested waters.

Work Worthy of Drake

Before us, amid the bustle and activity of a busy port, was a scrap of romance lifted out of another age. Here is a ship which sailed into the unknown seas of the Antarctic with an engine power giving only four knots, and a range of only 200 to 400 miles, owing to the small quantity of coal she can take. Whether she reaches her destination safely depends solely on the skill of her commander, who is in a position like that of the masters of the old sailing ships. His engines are so low-powered as to be almost useless in certain circumstances, and he sails mostly without charts, into unknown waters, among constantly changing conditions of shifting ice.

Here is a work worthy of Drake and the stout hearts of old. But Captain Davis, who took out the Discovery from England before taking Sir Douglas Mawson to the Antarctic, will have none of this. He will tell you with a smile that the English Channel was the most dangerous part of his voyage.

Handing on the Torch

The C.N. correspondent asked him why he was retiring, and he pointed to the barrel fixed near the top of the mast. It is from here that the watch for pack ice is kept. "It is no joke," he said, "being hauled out of your bunk every half-hour to climb up and down that ladder. It is time a younger man took on the job."

Here, then, the old man hands on his torch—his work and his opportunity, his chance for Youth. We hear of millions of boys growing up waiting for something to do; perhaps one of them will follow Captain Davis and be hauled out of his bunk every half-hour to climb up the ladder. It is not a bad way for a lad to write his name into history.

Captain Davis showed the C.N. correspondent over the ship. The cabins are luxuriously lined with mahogany

NO UNIVERSITY FOR THE HORSE

GREAT BRITAIN, which has a greater interest than any other country in the world in breeding horses and cattle, has no Veterinary College worthy of the name where the diseases of these animals can be properly investigated.

There is, and has been for a century, a Royal Veterinary College at the back of St Pancras, where some of the buildings are falling down and where all the praiseworthy efforts of a few scientific men who are its staff cannot lift it out of its condition of poverty.

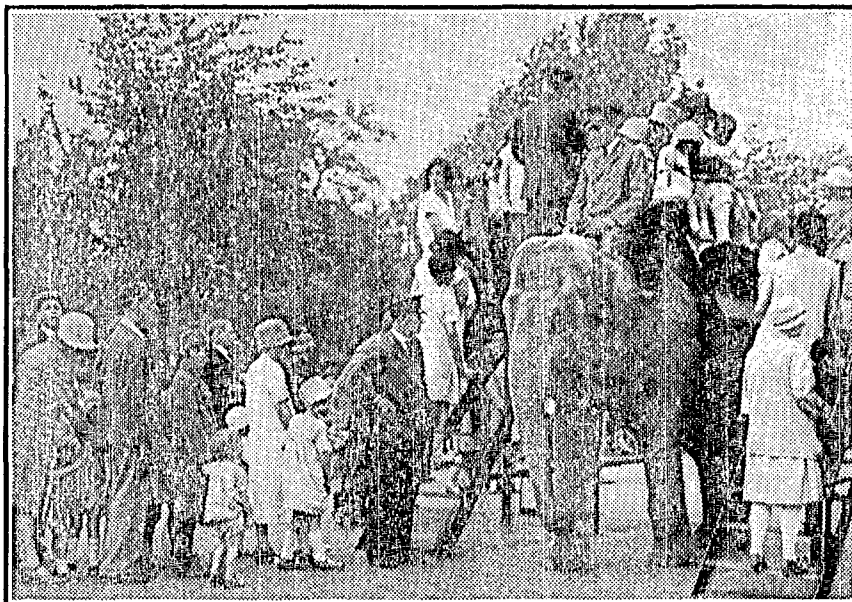
Except for a few laboratories of a modern kind and the teachers in them the Royal Veterinary College has moved little in the hundred years of its existence. There is abundance of work, both

public and private, for such a college to do. It ought to train up a better instructed body of veterinary surgeons than the country possesses; and as there is no other institute which deals with diseases of animals it has there a vast field to explore.

Foot-and-mouth disease and swine fever are two such diseases.

It is now proposed that the country should build and subsidise such an institution. But it seems to us that as horse breeding, cattle breeding, pedigree pig breeding, and dog breeding amount together to one of the chief British industries the Veterinary College ought to be subsidised most largely by the breeders who make the profits.

DAY AND NIGHT AT THE ZOO



Day—A busy time for the elephants



Night—Pelicans in the limelight

A visit to the Zoo is usually regarded as a daylight excursion, but this summer for the first time it has been possible for the public to see many of the animals after dark. Thousands of Londoners have enjoyed the novel experience.

Continued from the previous column

and in the ward-room is a photograph of Captain Scott, for whom the Discovery was built in 1901, and one of Mr Macpherson Robertson of Melbourne, who has given many thousands of pounds toward the expeditions.

The laboratories are wonderfully well fitted and there are specially weighted tables which remain horizontal whatever the angle of the ship. Captain Davis set one moving with a touch of the finger. "People are always interested in these," he said with a laugh; "they are the only things on the ship you can show moving."

Ask him what is the chief problem connected with the Discovery, and he will probably tell you it is to prevent visitors carving their names on it—a pitiful thing, surely, to have to hear.

When the Discovery sails South again next spring Captain Davis hopes to be at his desk at the Commonwealth Offices as Director of Navigation, but while the office chair may have its compensations for him those who know him well know that his heart will be in the stout old wooden ship in the Polar seas, for he has still, in his fifties, that disquieting hankering after adventure that most boys grow out of in their twenties.

THE TAILOR AND THE BISHOP

WHAT DOES ENENI JODEA MEAN?

Twentieth-Century Rumania Recalls the Middle Ages

SOMETHING TO MAKE US PAUSE

Something has just happened in Rumania which makes us pause for a moment to make sure that we are reading news of the Twentieth Century, not the Middle Ages.

Four synagogues and 250 houses were destroyed by fire in Borsa, and although the fire is officially described as an accident most people believe that it was the work of anti-Jewish agitators.

It had seemed as if the senseless old envy, hatred, and fear of the Jews had died out; but now we know that in some parts of the world there are still people who feel as the villains felt in Ivanhoe.

How the Jews were Saved

The news from Borsa recalls a story of Jewish wit. In the Middle Ages the Governor of a Polish town announced a contest between Jews and Gentiles. If the Jews refused to take part, he said, his soldiers would put every member of the Jewish colony to the sword; and if the Jews lost the contest the same thing would happen.

Each side was to choose a champion, and they were to question one another about Hebrew phrases. The Gentiles' champion was to be a bishop, who was a very great Hebrew scholar. The first man to fail to translate a phrase was to be beheaded on the spot.

Now the Jews of that town were humble people, and there was not a scholar among them. Nobody wanted to be the Bishop's adversary, but at last a little tailor volunteered to sacrifice himself for the good of the others.

The day came, and the debate was held in the public place, amid a great crowd. There sat the Governor in his pomp, and there stood the executioner with his long sword.

Silence was called, and the tailor rose to ask the first question:

"What is the meaning of the words *Eneni jodea*?"

"I do not know," replied the Bishop. Instantly the executioner's sword flashed in the air and he spoke no more.

The Headsman's Error

The Jews were saved, and great was their joy in the tailor's wit. The words *Eneni jodea* mean *I do not know*, and the headsman had taken the Bishop's translation for a confession of ignorance.

"How did you think of such a clever question?" they asked the tailor, whom they had always thought a perfect fool.

"Well," he replied, "when I was at school I asked my teacher what *Eneni jodea* meant, and he said, Don't know, so I thought that if he did not know the Bishop might not know either."

After all, the original estimate of the tailor's mentality was not far out.

This witty old tale has lately been told in the Esperanto organ, International Language, and the editor nobly refrains from pointing out that if there had always been an international language there could have been no contest, and the Bishop would have kept his head. We wish the persecuting people in Rumania would keep theirs.

MEXICO AND THE LEAGUE

Mexico, not yet a member of the League of Nations, has received and accepted an invitation from the Council to take part in the League's work.

It is to be represented for three years on the committee dealing with opium and dangerous drugs.

10,000 GUINEAS WELL SPENT NEW OLD EPPING A Few More Acres for the Forest as Old as England REST AND CHANGE FOR ALL

The Duke of Connaught, Chief Ranger of Epping Forest, has lately opened 37 acres of woodland.

Londoners take Epping Forest so much for granted that many must have been startled when they heard the Chief Ranger say he remembered the day when Queen Victoria opened the Forest. "What!" cries the Cockney, "is the Forest a fake instead of an antique? Is it no older than 1882?"

It is really as old as England. Once forest covered all Essex as snugly as fur covers a bunny.

Then came the Norman kings. They said the king was responsible for the defence of the whole realm and that one of the chief rewards for so great a care was the right to declare any part of the land a forest or royal chase.

The Norman Forest Law

The land might belong to someone else, but that owner could not build there, nor put up a fence to keep the deer away from his crops. Anybody who harmed the game was tried by the cruel Forest Law, which was, if anything, harsher than the old Common Law.

But there was one good thing about a royal forest: the peasants living there were usually granted rights to pasture beasts, cut turves, and gather wood on the wastelands of the forest.

Once every village had its great common field, where everyone could pasture his beasts. Gradually the lords of the manors stole these common lands by one legal trick or another, beginning in Norman days and reaching their worst in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, to the indignation of Bishop Latimer and Sir Thomas More.

How the Forest Was Saved

An attempt was made to disafforest Epping, and all sorts of plausible reasons were put forward for doing it; but Epping was saved because there was proof that commoners had had rights there from ancient times. An Act of Parliament was passed appointing a Board of Commissioners to manage the lands better, and the City Corporation offered the lords of the manors a goodly sum for 5659 acres of this lovely country. That offer was accepted, and in 1882 the Queen opened Epping Forest to the public. Everyman may walk in the glades and dream under its magnificent trees, and no lord of the manor can say he trespasses.

London says you cannot have too much of a good thing, and has just added Knighton Wood to the forest. That means 37 more acres of particularly beautiful woodland.

The cost is ten thousand guineas, which has been shared by the City Corporation and Woodford Council.

Hundreds of tired Londoners are going to find rest here; people who live in cramped rooms are going to find freedom here; and crippled slum children are going to find beauty here. Ten thousand guineas was not too much.

TO CANADA IN THREE DAYS

The passenger air service to Canada has been brought a step nearer by the splendid flight of R 100 to Montreal in a little over three days.

The Atlantic portion of her journey, which took less than two days, was the fastest airship crossing from Europe to America.

THE PLANE AND THE PYLON Wanted, an Air Sense MEN TO IMITATE THE BIRDS

One of the problems of the hour centres on the new electric cables now in course of erection all over the country.

The problem is really twofold. There is the position of the landowner whose estate may be ruined by towering pylons and the still greater difficulty of whole areas whose valleys and skylines may be defaced by these gaunt steel erections.

The second problem may become more acute as time passes. Men have taken to the air, and wires strung from high-pitched masts constitute a serious possible danger to their aeroplanes. So serious is this consideration that the aerial masts at Brookmans Park are only half the height the B.B.C. desired to have them and only half the height of those being erected for the new Regional Station in the North.

Much anxiety is being expressed on the subject in the daily papers, so that it is comforting to hear from experts that the actual danger to experienced airmen is very small. Up to now only one accident has been traced to contact between aeroplane and wires. A difficulty is, of course, that new pilots are qualifying in hundreds every year.

Winged Life and the Wires

Apparently we shall have to acquire an air sense, imitating the birds in that as we imitate them in flight. The birds learn very quickly to avoid wires.

When telegraph lines were first being erected every owner of a grouse moor or of estates on which game birds were kept protested against them as likely to prove fatal to all winged life. There were many casualties at first, but in a year or two the birds had learned their business, had recognised the new element of danger stretched across their path, and were careful to elude it.

In our own day we have seen horses born to knowledge of the motor-car; less than twenty years ago the fear inspired in horses by cars made driving a misery and a peril. Within the last five or six years millions of wireless aerials have been run up all over the country, and we were all asked to place corks or discs on the wires as a warning to pigeons.

Today the practice is practically discontinued and no pigeon dashes against an aerial wire. Experts hope that airmen will gradually acquire a similar preserving sense to save them from the cables strung between the pylons.

THE JEALOUS TORTOISE

A Leicestershire reader sends this account of the jealousy of one tortoise for another, though far from their native haunts.

For four years we have had a tortoise who is a great pet. We call him Joe. One day a neighbour brought a tortoise and asked if it was ours. It was not. It was twice as big as Joe. We took it in to keep it till it was claimed.

We named the newcomer Bob, and so introduced him to Joe in the orchard. Then we gave the two a lettuce. Bob started eating at once and wandered off, Joe following and looking very savage. When he got close to the stranger he drew back, tucked his head in, lurched forward, and bumped him. Bob drew his head in quickly, looked very surprised, and then walked away.

Again Joe followed him and at intervals bumped him heavily again. That night we put Bob in a wired chicken run. Next morning we put them together again, and Joe restarted bumping Bob repeatedly, and finally bit his leg. So we put Bob back in the wired run, for we did not want them to hurt one another. The curious part of it was that Joe should be so jealous that he boldly challenged a tortoise more than twice his size.

CONSIDERING MRS CHAR A Goodly Scheme

Everybody has laughed at Mrs Char up till today. She was very thin, or very fat, and she was old, and her feet hurt, and her clothes were shabby.

For a long time these things seemed funny. But at last someone has seen that these things are tragic. People are actually considering Mrs Char's comfort: they propose to reserve accommodation for her in the wonderful new flats being built in London under the Grosvenor Housing Scheme.

First the families who have been turned out of demolished houses must be given new homes, and afterwards the Whitehall charwomen will be given a chance of living in Westminster. Usually charwomen live a long way from their work, and yet they have to be at the office long before other people.

To Live in a Lutyens House

Hitherto nobody has cared. Poor shabby Mrs Char, the butt of George Belcher's clever satire, was so unlike a damsel in distress that she awakened no chivalry in anyone. Let her toil up from the slums in the small hours; let her scrub till her back ached and her fingers felt raw; let her haul great scuttles of coal upstairs and carry heavy buckets of water. Who cared? People who said that driving a car was work too heavy for a woman never said that charring was too heavy for a woman.

And now poor Mrs Char is to live in a Lutyens house which has been opened by the King's daughter. She is to have a bathroom, and a south aspect, and all sorts of pleasant things.

Dreaming Dreams

It is lucky for her that the Thames overflowed in 1928. Certain houses on the Millbank Estate were damaged beyond repair, and that set the Mayor of Westminster thinking. He went to the ground landlord, the Duke of Westminster, with a scheme for building 604 flats with baths, larders, and kitchens.

They were to be model flats, yet cheap enough for working people to live in, with rents from 5s to 10s a week. They were to be comely as well as cheap. He enthused the Duke so much that he gave land and money to the scheme to the tune of a third of a million pounds.

The first two blocks of flats are finished, and Princess Mary has opened them and given keys to 70 tenants.

And Mrs Char, limping home to her expensive and nasty slum home, is dreaming dreams.

K.C.B.

One More Good Thing Done

The C.N. has frequently called attention to the fact that some of our post offices are very ugly places.

It happened a month or two ago that we referred to the spoiling of Brasted Post Office in Kent by the setting up of petrol pumps outside it. The proprietor of these pumps, whose boy reads the C.N., agreed that his frontage was not exactly a beauty spot, and he has now sent us two photographs showing what he has done.

The pumps have been stripped of all unnecessary advertising matter and have been painted a dark colour; the unsightly oil cabinets have been removed and a much better oil fountain installed, painted dark brown to match the rest of the equipment.

The general effect of the change is a considerable improvement, and we congratulate the proprietor of the post office and garage on the removal of an eyesore and the contribution he has made to the preservation of Brasted as one of the attractive old villages of Kent.

A BEAR WITH A TASTE FOR ADVENTURE The Animal Who Opened the Doors of His Cage

ANXIOUS TIMES FOR THE ZOO KEEPERS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A young Himalayan bear purchased recently by the Zoo has been a source of great worry to both officials and keepers, because for a time it seemed impossible to keep it safely in captivity.

This animal, a handsome black bear with a white chevron on his breast, was one of several bears bought for the Zoo's country branch at Whipsnade; but before the new arrivals could be sent to the country they had to spend a few days in Regent's Park to get a clean bill of health.

Story of Many Escapes

But no sooner had the travelling-box been placed in the unpacking yard of the hospital than the bear occupant strolled out—apparently it had passed the greater part of the journey to the Zoo trying to loosen the bars of its prison.

Fortunately it is comparatively harmless, and thanks to its insatiable desire for condensed milk, was easily lured into a box, and for the next few hours was kept secure behind bars.

Yet when the hospital keeper arrived the next morning the bear was out again, so it was decided to send it to Whipsnade as quickly as possible.

At Whipsnade it was placed in an up-to-date bear pit about 100 yards square and equipped with a bathing pool, a sleeping den, a terrace, and a tall tree. But even this spacious dwelling did not please the adventurer, who promptly climbed the tree (the Himalayan bear is a great climber), managed to scramble from there to the top of the pit, and walked out. Again thanks to condensed milk it was persuaded to return to captivity. But on two more occasions it escaped, and the last time wandered as far as the main road and was not recaptured until nightfall. As the bear pit at Whipsnade obviously had to be altered, the Himalayan bear was sent back to Regent's Park.

Now Sedate and Law-Abiding

This time it was housed in the bear den by the Clock Tower; but by some secret means known only to itself it managed to escape once more, and was discovered making a tour of the Gardens. It was chased and caught, and as no bear had ever before escaped from the bear den its escape was thought to have been due to a fluke, and it was taken back again.

Happily, this last adventure seems to have exhausted its ingenuity. The Himalayan bear is now a sedate and law-abiding captive; in fact it refuses to climb anything at all.

BOUQUETS FOR THE UNDERGROUND

Everyone will give full marks to the stationmasters, porters, and signalmen of the Underground Railway who try to make the Londoner's journey pleasanter by showing him flowers at the various railway stations.

Ealing Common and Ealing Broadway get a first prize from the directors; Waltham Green and Acton Town come shortly after; Northfield follows close behind; and the Minories Junction, Sudbury Town, and Boston Manor are all worth honourable mention.

The Englishman's love for his garden and the Londoner's care for his window-box have long been recognised, and known; and even when this affection is driven underground it still prospers. The C.N. is glad to hand it the tribute of a bouquet of thanks.

August 16, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

9

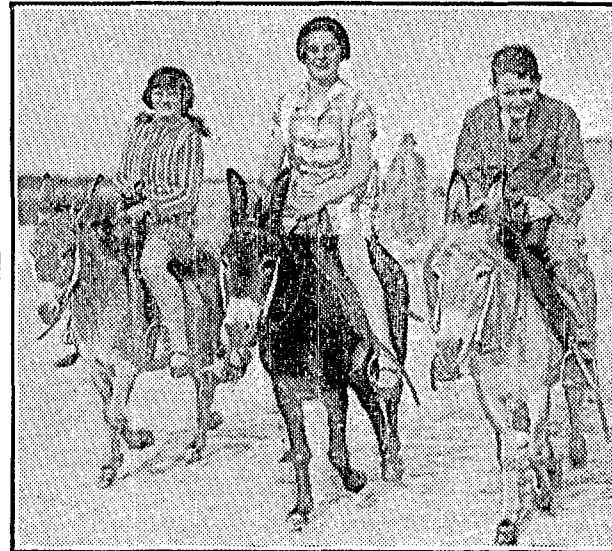
HAPPY HOURS ON THE SHORES OF LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND



A busy day for shrimpers at Hastings



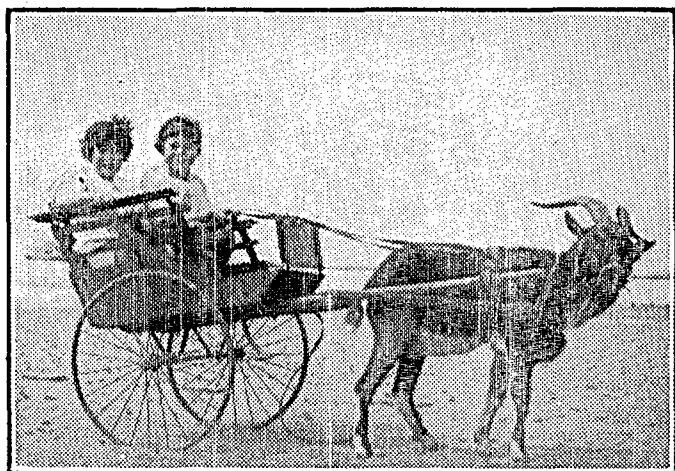
Looking for a site for a sand-castle



Three old friends at Margate



Come unto these yellow sands, and then take hands—An exciting race with the breakers at Weymouth



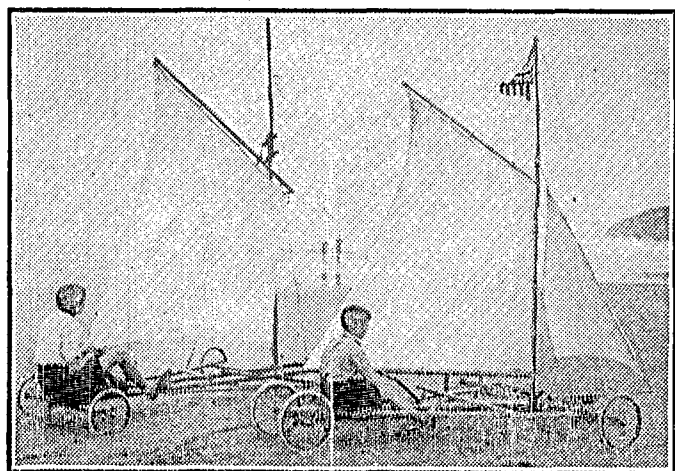
Better than a motor-car



A ride behind a motor-boat



Building a harbour at Eastbourne



Sand-yachting on the North Devon coast



One way to use a motor-tyre

Nobody in Britain lives more than a few hours' journey from the sea, and so it is perhaps natural that the shores become the most popular playground during the month of August, when the schools are closed. The scenes shown on this page are typical of what is now going on all round the coast of Little Treasure Island.

JACK SAVES THE BIRDS

AT THE MERCY OF THE LITTER LOOT

A Menace to the Great Gannet Colony

THE HANDY MAN

Here is a story of sailors and a desert island, but the sailors are twentieth-century bluejackets, not buccaneers, and the island lies off the coast of Pembrokeshire, not Barbary.

Grassholm might be called Bird Island, for only birds live there. Puffins, razorbills, and kittiwakes have their nurseries there, but the most important resident is the gannet, or solan goose. This big bird has had the greatest compliment paid to it that could be paid to any sea fowl: in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle about 975 the sea is called Gannet's Bath.

Naturally a bird which has had the ocean likened to its tub is rather particular where it lays its solitary egg, and a very considerable English colony of gannets is on Grassholm. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has erected notices on the island asking people to do no harm to the bird colony, but some people do not care a farthing for kindness or politeness.

Careless Picnickers

At Whitsuntide this year a bird watcher saw smoke come from Grassholm. With Mr Sturt, the owner, he went to the island, and found the litter of a picnic party and a fire burning in the peaty grass.

Scouts and Guides always put out their fires, but these people cared nothing in spite of the notices telling them of hundreds of birds nesting on the ground.

Mr Sturt and the watcher fought the fire for hours, and thought they had put it out, but such fires are hard to quench. Mist hid Grassholm the next day, and the day after it looked like a volcano.

The watcher knew that a few men could not tackle such a fire. Gulls and puffins had suffered already, but the fire had not yet reached the gannet colony. If it were not checked at once it would devour all the herbage, nests, and young birds on the island. Where could he find an army of volunteers?

Suddenly he bethought him of the Handy Man. A Battle Cruiser Squadron was anchored in Dale Road. Soon a little boat was hauling the flagship Renown and delivering a letter which begged for help to save the bird colony.

How the Birds Were Saved

Within three hours a party of bluejackets had landed on Grassholm, and, working with a will, dug a trench three-quarters of the way round the fire. At dusk they had to go, but for two more days sailors were landed and fought the fire, beating out the flames and digging a trench right across the island. A party of volunteers from St Davids joined them, working all night, and thus the gannet colony was saved. Many of the fire fighters had come straight from work without any food.

Sad tales are told of parent birds trying to shelter their young from the flames, but the great gannet colony was saved, and Grassholm is still Bird Island.

It would be truly a desert island, and a great funeral pyre, if there had been no Royal Society for the Protection of Birds to keep a watcher on the coast, and if the Handy Man had been as callous as the picnickers. Thanks to the British Navy the gannet can now sleep quietly on her nest.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

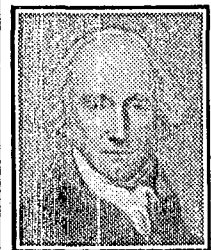
A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Warren Hastings

On August 22, 1818, died Warren Hastings.

Warren Hastings, who died at Daylesford in Worcestershire 112 years ago, had as eventful a life-story as any famous Englishman.

There was romance in his death at this village. He was born at an adjoining hamlet on December 6, 1732, and in early childhood had lived at the rectory at Daylesford, where his grandfather was rector. For 600 years his family had owned the Daylesford Manor estate; but it had been sold out of the family seventeen years before Warren was born, and it seemed as if the village and the Hastings family were being parted for ever. The boy's mother died when he was born. His father went abroad and never returned.



Warren Hastings

Warren, when eight years old, was sent away to London to be brought up by an uncle.

Forty-eight years after he left Daylesford Warren Hastings returned and repurchased the estate. Of the intervening years 35 had been spent adventurously in the East, and during those years he had become one of the foremost founders of the British Empire in India. He had thirty years more to live. They were not untroubled years, but he lived them chiefly at quiet Daylesford, where he died and was buried.

When Warren left Daylesford his uncle placed him in Westminster School, where he distinguished himself. A more distant relative, a director of the East India Company, became his guardian, withdrew him from the school, and after some instruction in commercial business, sent him to India as a clerk before he was 18.

India's First Governor-General

There he was given charge of a factory, and then of the trade of a river port. When a headstrong Indian ruler tried to clear out the British from Bengal he was captured, but escaped and served under Clive, who defeated and de-throned the aggressor. Clive then made Hastings, at the age of 25, resident at an Indian Court, and for 14 years he served in positions of influence, seeking to stem the corrupt practices of European servants of the East India Company. At 32 he returned to England, and he was still a comparatively poor man.

Four years passed before he, through the influence of Clive, was sent out to be second in Madras; then President in Bengal; and finally the first British Governor-General in India. This second term of service lasted 17 years. During these years, years of war, he finally brought peace to a large area of war-impooverished India, and he left the country generally acclaimed by its people a great benefactor.

In a large degree he purified its system of government; but in doing so he made some bitter enemies. When he reached home, after long service, he found his enemies had so inflamed the minds of the Whig Party against him that he was charged with high treason.

The Great Trial

An exhaustive trial went on for seven years, in which the finest eloquence of that day was used to blacken his name. Finally he was found not guilty, and very little of the abundant mud flung at him has left a trace on his reputation. He spent all his money in buying his ancestral estate and in defending his character, and would have died poor if the East India Company had not loyally and commendably made his later years years of comfort.

Since Hastings was found not guilty on all the counts laid to his charge by his enemies 135 years have passed, and the verdict of history is that, in difficult times, Warren Hastings did great work for India and for his own country.

A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES

On Being Great

It was the funeral of Louis the Fourteenth, the Sun King, in the great cathedral of Notre-Dame. All the pomp and circumstance, the beauty and the glitter, which had attended his life seemed concentrated there.

Jewelled fringes hung from the majestic folds of the purple drapery on the bier, and jewelled sword-hilts winked in the light of a hundred candles as the peers of France gathered round their king. Silken skirts made a sudden murmur and rapiers clattered upon the marble aisles as the great multitude sank down into their seats, prepared to listen to a worthy tribute to greatness from the most noted preacher of the day.

Lo, I come in great state. The words of the text fell on gratified ears, and as the great preacher paused and gazed earnestly on the royal catafalque there was a rustle of appreciation from the assembled courtiers.

The Mark of Service

Like the voice of doom came his next words: *There is none great but God!* God alone, in His great and awful beauty—the I AM of unnumbered worlds. How, then, are ye to be great?

How, then, are we to become great Guides? Sometimes, I think, we are inclined to judge people too much by the badges they have won, the camps they have attended.

It is right to earn badges if we never forget that each badge means that we can help, that it is the mark of service on our arm; and it is right for us to become efficient so long as we remember to be simple and kindly too. It is in the small things of life that we may become great. We trust God because He is unchanging, steadfast; and this sense of reliability should make us more alert, more watchful to help others and to save them pain. To be awake and aware is to be alive; to be asleep and unaware is to be dead.

Juliette Low's Vision

It is rather a serious thought that we have been trusted at our enrolment to do these things; to use our knowledge for the good of others; to be careful and courteous over such small matters as the prompt answering of letters and in showing either written or spoken gratitude for kindnesses received.

One of the greatest women of this century, whose life of service ended only a few short years ago, was Juliette Low, the Founder of Girl Scouting in the United States. Her home was at Savannah, in Georgia, but when she was married she came to England to live. In 1912 she took back to America the idea of Girl Guiding and began with a little group of six or eight girls, who called themselves Scouts. Her vision was to have Girl Scouting spread through the States and to tie the world together in one deep bond of friendliness.

United by Ideals

She was no longer young and was almost stone deaf, but in less than 15 years a great meeting took place in America when Guide and Scout sisters from 39 countries met, and Mrs Low was able to announce to Lord and Lady Baden-Powell that there were over 200,000 Girl Scouts in America.

"Truly," she said, "ours is a circle of friendship united by ideals. One never knows where the road of friendship will lead. The same things which apply to an individual apply to a nation. We as a nation should cooperate in the essential attributes, trust, loyalty, dependability, and then we shall be great."

Those were the parting words of Mrs Low to the conference and to the world. She died a few months afterwards, at the end of 1926, having fought gallantly to live until she had seen her Girl Scouts firmly established in every State.

MAKING THE LAND

England's Beautiful Garden

THE SCIENCE OF FARMING

One of our judges has been pointing out that landowners and their advisers and the farmers and workers on the land have made and remade the land time after time.

That does not quite agree with the poet's definition that God made the country and man made the town, yet it is very true. This fair England of ours was once forest, swamp, and prairie. Today men who come to us from the vast agricultural areas of America and Australia speak of our land as one beautiful garden.

Nature began the work with us, as with all habitable lands. She levelled the hills and scoured out the valleys and prepared soil and loam in favoured places. But man has had to bend the soil to his will. He has had to work and fertilise it, to drain marshes, to open up forests, to make sour soil sweet and heavy soil lighter.

Efficient Husbandry

It is one of the triumphs of civilisation that our little land with its relatively great population has so efficient a system of husbandry that we still show the highest yield of wheat per acre, and, in proportion to our area, have the largest number of the finest sheep in the world. In America vast areas of land have gone out of cultivation owing solely to neglect of the arts which have kept our country in cultivation century after century.

How great are the improvements of land effected by the application of science to farming may be judged from the fact that, whereas in the Middle Ages we had a population of only a few millions, the land under cultivation for crops was then as much in area as was later necessary to support ten times the population.

New Life to Weary Acres

The history of our agriculture has had its epochs as urban industries have. The drainage of low-lying waterlogged land added thousands of acres to our total. The discovery of the value of artificial fertilisers gave new life to weary acres. The liming of heavy lands, the discovery of the value of basic slag for the conversion of poor heath into acceptable pasture—these are among the things which any history of our land would count among our rural triumphs.

Rule of thumb becomes more and more obsolete. Farming is, or can be, high science. If a soil goes wrong a chemist can analyse it, discover its ailment, and put it right. The chemist of the soil is as efficient as a veterinary surgeon who doctors the livestock upon it.

PLANTING AN ACRE IN TWO HOURS

A Vision of the Time To Come

A machine has been invented which ought to do much for agriculture.

It can plant fifty thousand seedlings in a day.

It grasps the little plants by mechanical fingers carried on a band, and so they are taken to a little furrow made by the machine and are properly pressed into the soil. It is said that an acre of land can thus be planted with seedlings in about two hours.

Here is another hint of what is coming in the world of agriculture. So far industrial progress has been chiefly made in the manufacture of goods, and not in the raising of food. In the time to come, no doubt, the soil of England will easily raise the food of her people.

WANDERINGS OF THE PLANETS EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH

Worlds that Adorn the
Morning and Evening Sky

BRILLIANT VENUS

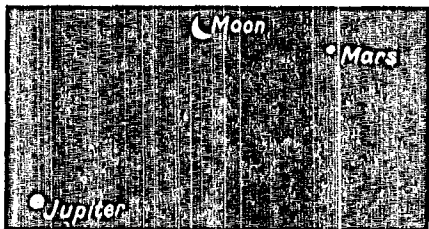
By the C.N. Astronomer

The early morning sky is now adorned in the east with the planets Mars and Jupiter.

Next week will provide a good opportunity for identifying both these worlds, for the crescent Moon will not be far away, and so will help to make an interesting picture. In fact, on Wednesday morning, August 20, the Moon will appear between the two planets.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning is the best time to look for them; then Mars may be seen to the right of the Moon and about 12 times her own diameter away. The much more brilliant Jupiter will be on the left of the Moon, much nearer to the horizon and about 20 times the Moon's diameter away. Thus the eastern sky will, if clear, present a charming spectacle before the coming dawn.

Moreover, the bright star Aldebaran, which is reddish and not unlike Mars and



Relative positions of the Moon, Mars, and Jupiter on August 20

about as bright, will be some distance away to the right of Mars.

The arrangement of the planets relative to the Moon on this particular morning will be seen in the picture.

On Tuesday morning, August 19, the Moon will be to the right of Mars, at a higher altitude and about 15 times her own diameter away, between 3 and 4 o'clock; while the brilliant Jupiter will, as we have said, be to the left of Mars and much nearer the horizon.

By the early morning of Thursday the Moon will have got near to Jupiter and will be about 15 times her own diameter to the left of this brilliant planet. So much interest is provided for the mornings of next week provided the sky is clear.

Two worlds also continue to adorn the evening sky, Venus in the west and Saturn in the south, but, owing to the light evenings and the low altitude of the planets, these have not been very conspicuous.

Observers with a clear view down to near the western horizon may see Venus up till nearly 9 o'clock, while Saturn is due south and nearly a third of the way up from the horizon toward overhead between 9 and 10.

Venus and Mars

Venus will be seen to be much the brightest as she is much the nearest of all the planets. Her present distance is about 85 million miles, so she is nearer than the Sun. She is rapidly coming closer still, and in a month's time she will be only 60 million miles away, and is consequently growing in brilliancy. She now appears like a half-moon when seen in even a small telescope; later on she will appear as a crescent.

Mars also is gradually coming closer and so getting brighter, but he is about 150 million miles away. Jupiter also is approaching, coming from his remote path beyond the Sun and so becoming more brilliant. He is at present about 550 million miles away. Saturn, however, is receding and thus becoming less bright, being now some 880 million miles away.

So the worlds speed on their continual race without ever coming back to the same place.

G. F. M.

BRAVE WOMEN OF THE LIFEBOATS

Heroism As a Matter of Course

Somebody has been recalling not only the men who man the lifeboats but what the women do as well.

At Newburgh in Aberdeenshire the women are the launchers. For fifty years the lifeboat at Newburgh had to be hauled by hand. In the dead of night, whatever the weather, the Newburgh women would join their men in hauling the lifeboat along the beach.

When it had to be launched they would go up to their waists in the surf to push it off. When they hailed their menfolk returning they would go into the water to drag the lifeboat back.

That is the tale of Newburgh, where these things have been done for half a century as a matter of course, with no mention made of it. Cresswell in Northumberland has its brave women too.

A Living Chain

Once after launching the lifeboat the women saw another boat coming toward the shore, overturned, with men clinging to its keel. The Cresswell women joined hands to form themselves into a living chain and, wading out, rescued the men, though the seas more than once swept the rescuers off their feet.

That was not all. The lifeboat which they had launched was driven back by the gale, its crew exhausted by their battle with the waves.

Three of the women launchers volunteered to go to the nearest rocket station at Newbiggin, five miles away along the coast.

They made the journey barefooted, once having to cross a river of which the bridge had been destroyed by the flooded waters. Two of the messengers had to give up; the third arrived at Newbiggin so exhausted that she could not speak.

But they knew her and the reward of her devotion was that the men of the rocket station there were able to reach the ship in distress and save the crew.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Big is Kenya?

This Colony and Protectorate covers 225,100 square miles.

Why is Cheapside in London So Called?

Cheap is an old word for market, and Cheapside was the road which skirted or ran by the side of the Cheap or market.

How Did Cricket Get its Name?

The game was first played with a crooked stick like a crutch, and was called cricket from the old Dutch word for a crutch, *krick*.

What is the Largest Whale Ever Caught?

Mr Richard Lydekker says the Sibbald's fin-whale is the largest of living animals and occasionally reaches a length of 85 feet; but Sir Ray Lankester places the limit at 90 feet, with a weight of 200 tons. He says the late Mr Gould, when cutting up a whale, fell into the heart and was nearly drowned in its blood.

What are the Satellites of Jupiter and Saturn?

Jupiter has nine: Io, Europa, Ganymede, Callisto, and five unnamed. The third is the largest, with a diameter of about 3600 miles; the others are less, and the fifth is probably not more than 100 miles across. Saturn's ten satellites are Mimas, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, Themis, Hyperion, Iapetus, and Phoebe. The largest is Titan, with a diameter of 2720 miles.

What is the British National Debt?

The debt which the nation owes to the holders of Consols, Annuities, Treasury Bills, War Loans, Bonds, Savings Certificates, and so on. In 1929 it amounted to £7,620,853,547. The National Debt was raised almost entirely for foreign wars. At the accession of Queen Victoria the debt was £788,000,000. By 1899 it had been reduced to £635,070,635. Then the South African and China Wars added £142,752,190, but by 1914 most of this had been paid off and the debt stood at £661,473,765. Then came the Great War, multiplying the debt by eleven.

C. L. N. School Members

Number of Members—17,977

In many schools there is a good number of members of the Children's League of Nations, and among them junior branches of the League of Nations Union are usually formed. It often happens, however, that there is only one member in each school. This ought not to be. We hope such lonely members will do all they can to get other boys and girls in their schools to join.

Leeds is an example of these scattered members. There are C.L.N. members in no less than 34 schools in the city, yet the total membership is only 65. There ought to be at least a dozen members in each of these schools.

Wanted, a Pioneer

The neighbouring city of Bradford is in a somewhat similar position, 15 schools being represented, but ten with only one member each. The membership in Sheffield is distributed among 33 schools, but here again the total membership is only 78. York has a total membership of 32. Over 20 of these are in one school. Doncaster has six members in six schools. Burnley has done better; its membership of 88 is distributed among 20 schools. Bristol's membership of 44 is distributed among no less than 29 schools!

May we appeal to all these boys and girls to do something to remedy this state of affairs and get their friends to join? It is a great opportunity to build up the most powerful peace movement existing in our schools. Who will be a pioneer?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

C.N. BIRD

To Appear On an African Banner

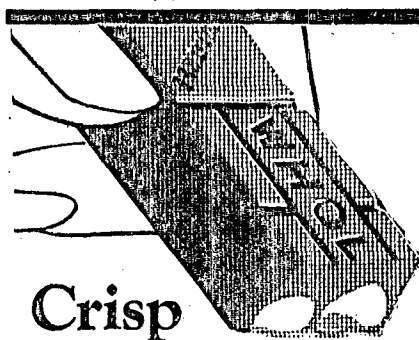
All our readers will probably remember the cardboard bird we recently gave away with the C.N., so weighted that it would balance on anything on which its beak was placed. Here is an instance of its unexpected usefulness.

A missionary lady, writing from Rusape, Southern Rhodesia, tells us of a very large Church of England Mission there, 75 miles from the nearest town and shops. One of her varied duties is to make or repair banners for 54 outstation churches and kraal schools. The natives appreciate very much banners with symbols of the Christian saints. Any such tokens of Christianity are useful in the midst of the heathen beliefs and rites that still exercise a strong influence for evil.

"But I have only one small book of symbols (our correspondent says) and I, not being an artist, find it difficult to make or draw the symbols of saints. So imagine my joy on finding your Bird with the C.N. It will be splendid as a copy for a banner. Thanks for its helpfulness. I wish we had other animals."

"This is an exciting land to live in, what with people made blind by the juice of a cactus; snakes, lovely but unpleasant things, all about; rivers to wade through when travelling; bogs to sink in; and all sorts of insects abounding everywhere. Our post boy is just leaving for his eleven miles walk to the post, and I have only time to say thanks for the helpful bird."

Who would have thought of that bird, poised so gracefully, serving as a model for a Christian emblem in this remote part of Africa?



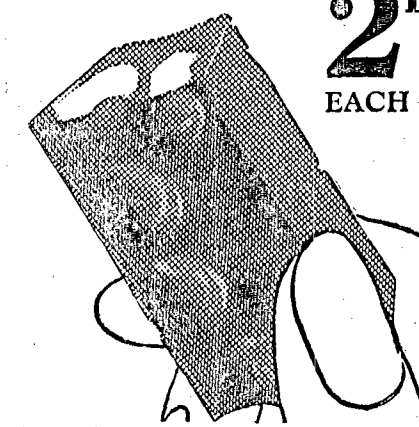
**Crisp
and
Crunchy!**

Freshly roasted whole nuts deeply
embedded in finest chocolate.

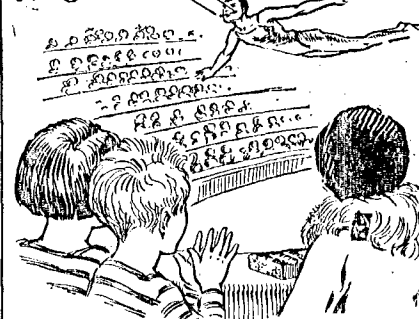
Now bigger and better.

**ROWNTREE'S
WHOLENUT
STICK**

**2^D
EACH**



The Kolynos Kiddies. No 6



The Kolynos Kiddies
Were taken one day
To see a fine circus
Olympia-way.

A trapeze-artist swung
From a rope by teeth white.
They clapped: "He uses Kolynos
Morning and night!"

It's easy to tell when teeth are well-cared-for, and there's nothing better for them than Kolynos. Besides, it's fun to use! Half-an-inch of paste from the daffodil-coloured tube squeezed out on to a firm, dry brush is enough for each occasion. Kolynos makes a lovely foam in the mouth, and with careful brushing cleanses every particle of food from between the teeth, leaving them white and germ-free. There's a deliciously sweet, clean taste in the mouth after using.

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THE WOOKEY HOLE MAN

Cave Explorer of the Mendips

The city of Wells is soon to lose its postmaster, who leaves at the retiring age.

But Wells and its museum and the caves of the Mendip Hills will be long before they lose Mr Herbert Balch, which is the postmaster's name, because he could never bear to leave the scene of the wonderful discoveries which have been part of his life and all his leisure.

Not far from the city of Wells is a little village, Wookey Hole, at the foot of the Mendip Hills and close to the ravine where the River Axe flows through them. At the end of the ravine is a cave. It is nearly 50 years since Mr Balch entered it.

Men of the Stone Age found their way there perhaps 50 centuries ago. The River Axe once poured through it, and some of its innermost recesses are still hidden by flowing waters. The hyena had its lair there. The Cave Men lit their fires in its nearer passages. Mr Balch has found the ashes that they left.

Before the Romans Came

Many other things were left there by the Britons and prehistoric men who knew Wookey Hole before the Romans came, and have passed into the possession of Mr Balch, the modern Cave Man to whom this place is a home of dreams.

Instruments of weaving, querns for grinding corn, ornaments, needles and pins of bronze, combs, and decorated pottery—all have been found there to testify to the life of past and half-forgotten centuries which flowed through the cave like the waters.

The dripping waters of the cave roof have left other memorials in stalactite and stalagmite and have made Wookey Hole one of the strangest and most beautiful of British caves. Mr Balch, by his long researches and patient examination, has made the cave his own, while making it also through his knowledge a national possession.

GETTING A BAD THING INTO INDIA

And Trying to Keep it Out

The traffic in harmful drugs in India keeps the authorities continually on the alert, for smuggling on a large scale goes on all the time.

Chief among the drugs on which severe restrictions are placed is cocaine, but, despite all precautions and penalties, it has been found impossible to cope with it.

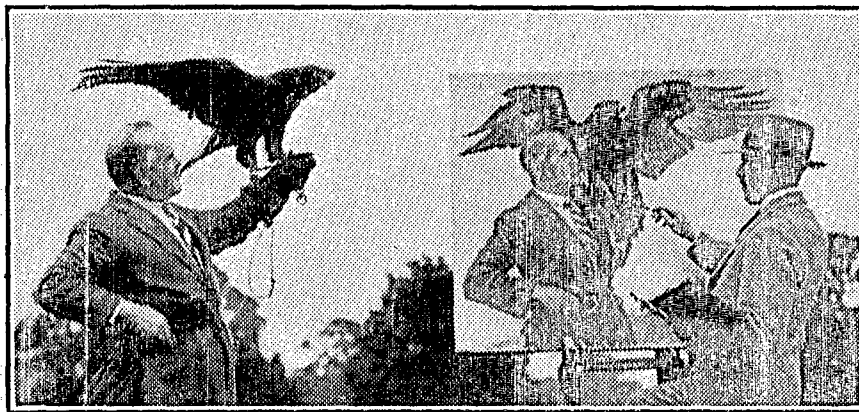
All the main Indian ports are used by the smugglers, who employ the most ingenious ruses for getting their forbidden goods through. It is estimated that only about ten per cent of the cocaine smuggled into the country is detected and seized by the authorities; and, as at Calcutta alone 446 pounds of the drug were seized last year, the quantity which found its way into the country must have been tremendous.

The Government has made a special inquiry into the matter which shows that the chief sources of supply are Japan and China. China, however, is not a manufacturer of the drug, but gets it principally from Japan, acting as a distributing agent.

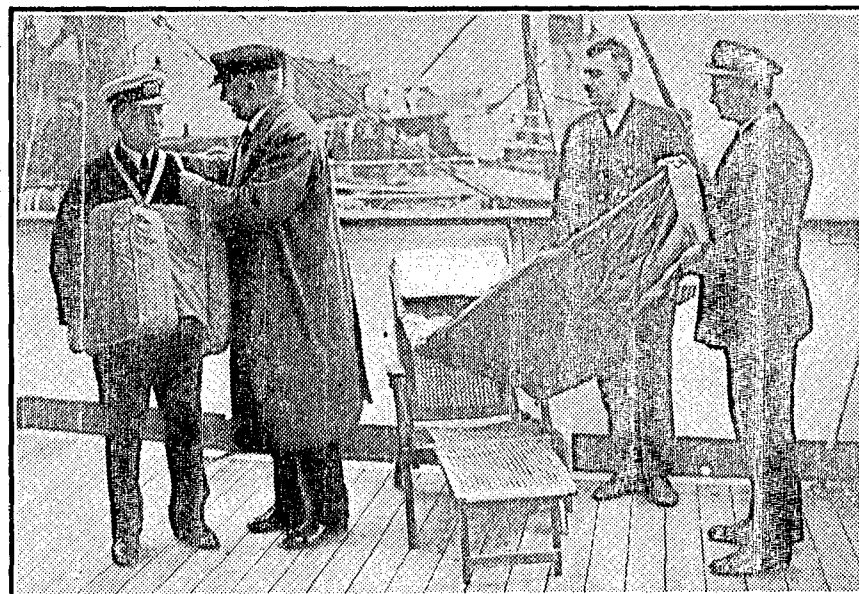
The result of the inquiry shows the determination of the Government to put an end to the traffic.

The Japanese authorities have done much to fight the evil, and in China preventive measures have been taken; but there is so much wealth behind the trade, and such an enormous demand for the drug, that it is difficult to make headway. It is only the League of Nations that can hope to grapple with the problem effectively.

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



Painting an Eagle's Portrait—Mr. Gerald Hudson, the artist, is here seen painting a picture of Captain C. W. R. Knight and the famous golden eagle which he has tamed.



Saving Space—On the Princess Juliana, a steamer plying between Harwich and Flushing, the padded seats of the deck chairs may be rapidly removed and worn as life-saving jackets in case of need. Each jacket is capable of keeping three people afloat.



An Ancient Pastime—Archery still has its adherents. This picture was taken at a meeting of the Woodmen of Arden, an archery club at Meriden, Warwickshire.



Work for the Hatter—The straw hats worn at Harrow School are renovated while the boys are on holiday. Here a number are being taken away by the school hatter.



Off to Camp—These Girl Guides from Purley, seen at Waterloo Station on the way to the New Forest, are but a few of thousands who agree that the best part of the year's Guide work is that which is spent in the summer camp.

THE COURAGE OF A LITTLE BIRD

Heroes of Nesting Time

By Our Natural Historian

An unwritten chapter on birds remains to be done.

We all know of the beauty with which they are adorned for the courting season, of the constancy with which they toil in feeding their young, of the strength and power of way-finding which come to them in spring and autumn for their great flights. Still something remains to be said.

Somebody should devote a chapter to the season of valour which normally timid birds possess when they have nestlings in their keeping. The point is emphasised by an incident which occurred the other day on a country road in the North.

Partridge and Kestrel

Two partridges were leading a brood of young ones by a quiet way to a feeding ground. Suddenly the male bird sprang into the air, with great strength of wing, and made a furious rush of about 70 yards at a height of about 30 feet in pursuit of another bird.

The other bird was that feathered fury the daring kestrel, the smallest of our hawks. The kestrel turned tail and fled before the valiant male partridge; then the partridge swooped down to its mate and joined her in proudly marching the young off to dinner.

In the ordinary course the partridge is one of the most inoffensive of birds, ready to flee at the sight of its own shadow, but in this moment of extremity the father bird, seeing its chicks threatened, was fired to a heroism worthy of a martial game cock.

Finch, Tit, and Warbler

Throughout the breeding season all our birds are endowed with a tide of noble courage. One has been pecked and buffeted by nesting redpole and goldcrest, fiercely assaulted by a brooding dove, and lost flesh from a knuckle to the beak of a mother pigeon.

Think of the courage necessary for little birds of the finch, tit, and warbler tribes which nest in copses when great bird-eating jays and squirrels have their homes hard by. They must stay on their nests to brood their eggs and nurture their young. When this task is ended they fly from their nests and become again as wary as mice in the presence of a cat.

The courage is purely seasonal like the plumage of the male and the heat and ardour which hold the female entranced upon the unhatched eggs for weeks, when every hour she is menaced by the fiercest foes.

E. A. B.

POMPEII'S ANCIENT WATER SUPPLY

A find of great interest has been made in Pompeii.

A well has been discovered 110 feet deep and containing 28 feet of excellent drinking water. This, it is said, constituted the original source of water supply of the doomed city.

That seems too bold a claim. Pompeii was a city of thirty thousand people, rich and luxurious of habit, with elaborate baths to every villa as well as public baths, such as all Roman cities demanded. Such a city, mindful of the necessity of cleanliness, could not have relied upon a single well.

The discovery is valuable, however, for it will enable the excavators to find the source from which this well derived its supplies. It is a strange fact that although nearly 19 centuries have elapsed since Pompeii was overwhelmed by Vesuvius, and with exploration going on spasmodically for two centuries, this is the first revelation of any source of water obtained within the city itself.

August 16, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

13

Facts About the Chinese Government MACHINE AND MEN OF THE VAST REPUBLIC

The Remarkable Foundations On Which
China is Building Up Her Future

A MILLION EDUCATED MEMBERS OF THE KUOMINGTANG

It is often affirmed that China today is not a Republic but a Despotism. What are the facts?

Up till 1911 China had an Imperial Government, the Emperor exercising absolute authority. On January 10, 1912, Sun Yat Sen became President of the Chinese Republic, and began to preach the doctrine that absolute power resided in the people.

A difficulty, however, at once revealed itself. In spite of the fact that the Chinese have always revered scholarship the vast majority of the people are uneducated. Indeed it is doubtful if more than five millions out of China's 450 millions are literate. Sun Yat Sen recognised this, and he declared that there would probably have to be a transition period during which the franchise could be exercised only by a limited number.

State of Tutelage

In accordance with his forecast the Government of China announced in June, 1928, that there was a State of Tutelage, and that so long as this State continued the franchise would be granted only to members of the Kuomintang, or Republican Party. It is hoped that by 1935 education will have become sufficiently general to make it possible to extend the franchise considerably. At the moment the Kuomintang has a membership of about a million, so only about half per cent of the adult population have the vote.

Membership of the Kuomintang is strictly guarded. One of the members of the Central Political Council said recently that they are as careful about admitting people to the Kuomintang as Christians are about admitting new members to the Church. Only those are admitted who are of good character, and can give proof of having studied Sun Yat Sen's work.

China is making a deliberate and high-hearted attempt, in spite of internal turmoil, to secure an electorate that is at once educated and moral. There is no property qualification, either for admission to the Kuomintang or for the exercise of the franchise.

In thus exalting ethical and intellectual qualities rather than material possessions China is building into her new life many Confucian elements.

Qualifying for the Vote

Sun Yat Sen fully realised that in this matter he was open to the gibe of being false to his own democratic professions. He frankly faced that. He required some measure at least of mental and moral competence of a man before he would permit him either to join the Kuomintang or to exercise the vote. Perhaps China is the only country where such a demand is made.

It may be noticed in passing that this means One Party Government, with its obvious risks and disadvantages. But perhaps that was unavoidable at the present stage of Chinese political evolution, and an attempt has been made, in the functions of the National Convention and the Board of Censorship, to compensate for this defect.

A further interesting feature about the membership of the Kuomintang, and the consequent exercise of the franchise, is the fact that it is extended to Chinese nationals resident in other countries. An Englishman living in China has no vote in his Motherland, though he may take a keen interest in its political affairs and be at times affected by its foreign policy. A Chinese in England, on the other hand, can become a member of the Kuomintang

and can vote on the same conditions as if he resided in China. He is regarded as an asset to his country and as serving her even though he is resident beyond her borders. One-fifth of the members of the National Convention represent the overseas Chinese.

The Kuomintang acts through a National Convention (or Parliament) of 380 members, meeting in Nanking once in two years. This Convention can appoint or remove ministers; can call on any officer of the Government to give an account of his stewardship; can initiate or prohibit legislation. It is not the Government, but is over the Government. It exercises somewhat of the functions of a superior body and of an official Opposition rolled into one.

Sun Yat Sen's favourite illustration of the position was to liken the National Convention to the owner of a motor-car and the Government to the chauffeur.

Organisation of Government

The Government is organised as a kind of Senate, known as the Central Political Council. The chairman of this body is the President of the Republic. This Council is made up of five Yuan or Departmental Boards—Administrative, Legislative, Judiciary, Examination, and Censorship.

The first three of these are taken from the political experience of the West, but the last two are drawn from purely Chinese sources, having no parallel in Western lands. The one guards the entrance to the Civil Service and public life of China, demanding of all candidates both competence and character; and the other maintains the poise and equilibrium of Chinese life, having authority to point out faults in all from the highest to the lowest.

The Administrative Board, which is virtually the Executive of the Government, is made up of ten ministries; the Legislative Board is concerned with making laws; and the Judiciary Board has the task of administering them.

The organisation of the Republic is thus not a mere imitation of Western models, or a superficial attempt to transplant a Western growth to Eastern soil; it is rather a considered plan to mingle Eastern and Western elements, or to graft a Western cutting upon the ancient and still living Chinese stock. During a period of unprecedented turmoil, this political machine has at least not collapsed.

Young Men at the Helm

The men who are manning this machine are of more than usual interest in at least three respects. They are mostly young men, and, as members of Governments go, are quite young. Only two members of the Central Political Council, or Cabinet, are over 50. The average age for the whole council is 44, and if the two elderly members are left out the average falls below 41.

They are mainly graduates of American, British, and German universities. China has a profound (some would prefer to say a pathetic) trust in education. She is opening schools and colleges with amazing rapidity and carrying them on in spite of upheavals; and she is entrusting her national destinies to men of education, in particular of Western education.

They are mainly men with a Christian outlook, trained under Christian auspices. Is it not significant that, while only one man in a thousand in China is a Christian, one man in six in the Central Political Council is a Christian, while several other members are Christian in sympathy and spirit?

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CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 41

Danger Threatens Don

JIM turned to Parami. "The Stiletto!" he repeated. "If that's true we're properly in for it!"

Parami made no answer and it was too dark to see his face, but Jim felt his dismay.

Just then Kapak spoke again outside the cave. "That's not Jansen's ship, cap'n; that's the Dolphin."

Jim listened breathlessly. There was a pause of perhaps half a minute, then Gabe's voice answered:

"You're right, Kapak. And that young Dysart." He paused again. "See here, Kapak," he went on fiercely, "we've got to have that schooner. She'll be a sight better for the trip we're going than this rotten old launch."

"And how do you think you're going to get her, cap'n?" asked Kapak.

"We'll get her fast enough if she comes in here. And that's just what she's going to do by the course she's steering."

"But Dysart will see the launch and keep clear."

"He won't see the launch," retorted Gabe. "Not if she's hidden. Get the men. Make 'em cut bushes from round the spring and cover up the launch. And tell 'em to be smart about it!"

Kapak sprang to obey. Jim tried hard to get a glimpse of the Dolphin, but could not do so without moving the bushes more than was wise. Meantime the Malays were already busy chopping bushes and carrying them quickly to the launch. Kapak and Gabe himself piled them, covering the launch completely.

"This is bad business!" Jim whispered to Parami, and his voice was very anxious. "Don will come sailing right in on top of this pack of pirates; and in the dark too; and they'll be aboard him before he knows anything about it. I must warn him."

"I not think you can do that, Marse Jim," said Parami gently. "They catch you for sure if you go out of cave."

Jim bit his lip. He knew that what Parami said was true, that the moment he showed himself outside the cave he was bound to be caught. And not only he but his three companions as well. Yet, on the other hand, he did not see how he could possibly let Don come sailing into this trap without warning. It was a terrible fix, and for the life of him he could not see any way out of it.

Meantime Gabe and his crew had covered the launch with branches and themselves had gone off and hidden among the bushes near the spring.

"If we could only signal in some way!" groaned Jim.

Parami got up quickly. "Marse Jim, I try to climb up into roof of cave. Then maybe I wave to Cap'n Don, and he understand."

Jim's eyes brightened. "If only you could!" Then he looked up and shook his head. "But it's not possible," he added.

"I try," said Parami quietly, and began to hunt for the best way up. Presently he beckoned to Kupa, who came to him. He made Kupa stand against the rock-face and climbed lightly on his shoulders. With that start he gained a projection and clung. The little ledge was only a few inches wide and to Jim, watching anxiously, it did not seem possible that any human being could stand on it, let alone climb the almost sheer face above. Jim knew that he could not have done it himself. But Parami's bare feet seemed to have the clinging power of a monkey's paws, and his brown fingers were like steel claws. Foot by foot he wormed his way up toward the cleft which opened slanting into the face of the cliff. Once he reached the slant the going was easier, and he went more quickly.

The other three saw him disappear into a kind of chimney and waited anxiously until, after about five minutes, he came crawling down. Jim did not dare to speak until Parami was safe again on the floor of the cave, then he asked anxiously: "Could you see her?"

"I see them, Marse Jim, but they no see me."

Jim's face fell. "Then it's no good," he said in a very troubled voice.

"It's not so bad," said Parami. "Dolphin, she not coming in. Tide, he go out."

Jim looked much relieved. "Ebb running still. How long has it got to go?"

"About four hours, Marse Jim."

Jim nodded. "It gives us time to think. It means that she won't come in till well after dark." He thought for a moment. "But Don is bound to come in some time, and

then it will be worse than ever, for he won't be able to see Gabe and his crew of pirates."

Parami looked as troubled as Jim. "There's only one chance, so far as I can see, Parami. When it gets dark I must slip out of the cave, go down the beach, climb through to the swamp and swim to the reef. Then I can shout to them in the schooner."

"That no good," said Parami. "Waves make so much noise they no hear."

"Then I shall make a torch of some sort and light it."

Parami nodded. "That better, Marse Jim. I come, too."

Jim did not say no, for he knew that Parami's help might make all the difference. But his very skin crawled at the thought of swinging from tree to tree across that horrible mangrove swamp.

He and Parami sat and talked in low voices until nearly sunset. Then they got out some food and made a cold supper, after which there was nothing to do except wait again until it was dark enough to slip out of the cave without being seen by Gabe and his Malays.

The Solomons are very near the Equator, so the Sun sets a little before or after six all the year round, and once it is down twilight lasts a bare twenty minutes, then out come the stars and it is night.

At long last the crimson and gold reflected from the sky began to fade from the smooth water which mirrored it, and Jim edged forward. Parami laid a hand on his arm.

"It's not dark enough yet, Marse Jim," he whispered. "They see us for sure."

"We'll wait ten minutes," said Jim, "then we must go." He looked at his watch, which he had managed to keep safe all through his wanderings; it was just half-past six, and with each minute the darkness deepened. Eight minutes—nine, and then a slight sound outside. Figures came creeping out of the bushes toward the launch. Gabe's voice was heard.

"Get those boughs off. It's all right, Kapak; they can't see us, and I want to be ready to start the minute the schooner comes in."

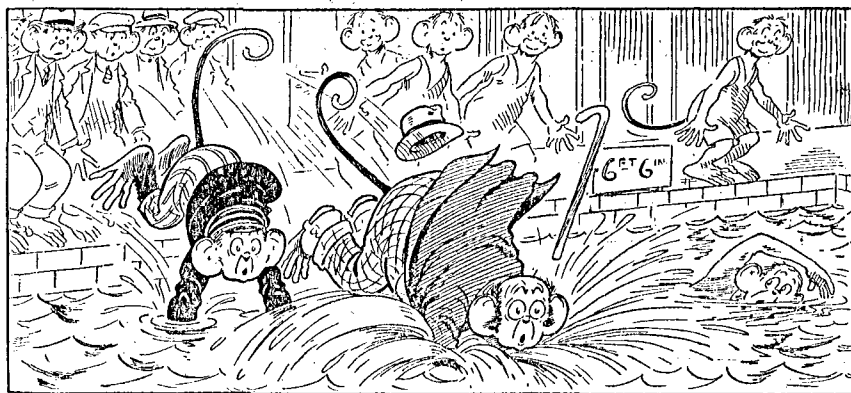
JACKO IN THE SWIM

THERE were some swimming races on at the baths, and of course Jacko had to see them.

It was really quite exciting inside the building, as flags had been hung up and chairs arranged all round the sides of the swimming bath. The front seats were reserved but Jacko got quite a good

time the fat man actually stood up to get a better view.

There were angry cries of "Sit down, sir!"; and although the fat man didn't sit down he certainly got out of the way—Jacko had given him a push, and all that could be seen of him was a terrific splash!



Unfortunately Jacko went in after him

seat in the second row—at least he thought it a good one until a gentleman came and sat just in front of him. Unfortunately he was quite the fattest person Jacko had ever seen; it was impossible to see past him.

Splash! The first race had started. Everybody got tremendously excited, and there was loud clapping when it was over. But Jacko didn't clap: he hadn't seen a thing!

And the next race wasn't any better. He could hear the splashing, but however much he dodged about he just couldn't see past the fat man.

By the time the third race started Jacko was desperate. Quite a lot of other people were annoyed too, for this

As it happened Jacko went into the water too, for as he fell the fat man caught hold of him. And there they were, the two of them, splashing about, the fat man absolutely furious and trying to get at Jacko.

Of course the race was completely spoilt, and the swimmers were wild.

They tried to hustle Jacko and the fat man out of the water, and in the confusion several other people fell in as well.

And when a policeman tried to restore order by shouting out "Clear the bath!" somebody gave him a push, and in he went!

Jacko arrived home very wet; but he wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

CHAPTER 42

Big Risks

"WHAT shall we do?" Jim's voice had a queer quiver in it. He had been through a lot in the past three days and this last blow was almost too much. "What can we do?" he demanded of Parami.

The brown man was equally at his wits end, yet kept his head. "We wait a little, Marse Jim. When they get boat out then we go."

"It'll be too late," Jim answered hoarsely. "The Dolphin will be in the lagoon before we can reach her and these brutes will be waiting close under the reef. They'll be aboard her before anyone in the schooner sees them."

Parami was silent. He knew only too well that what Jim said was the truth. Jim spoke again. "There's only one thing to do. We must fight them."

"I got no cartridge," said Parami. "Jansen, he stole all cartridge from Dolphin."

A groan escaped Jim. It was true. He remembered now how Jansen had taken the cartridges. He had one of them in his pocket this minute, but that had no shot, only the red pearls. The rest he had emptied in his mad attempt to blow up the Stiletto. Oh, if he only had just two of those cartridges now! But it was no use crying over split milk or vanished cartridges. Something had to be done if Don and the Dolphin were to be saved. He racked his brain for some new idea, and quite suddenly it came.

"Parami," he said swiftly. "I must get into the launch and hide and go out with them."

Parami's brown eyes widened. He looked as if he thought Jim had taken leave of his senses. Jim went on.

"I'll sneak out and hide in the stern locker; then when we get near the Dolphin I'll jump out and shout."

"But how you get in locker?" asked Parami. "Some of them men be in launch all the time."

"They won't start yet," insisted Jim. "They'll wait till the Dolphin is in the lagoon anchored. And it's getting darker. Clouds are coming up. I'll take Motu's clothes and turban and dodge in somehow."

Parami, who was lying flat on the cave floor alongside Jim, peered out under the creeper which hid the mouth.

"I do not think you can do that, Marse Jim. They sure catch you."

"Oh don't croak," retorted Jim in a fierce whisper. "I've just got to do it."

Parami remained calm.

"You wait little. They go eat. If they leave launch you get good chance."

"You're right," Jim's voice shook a little with sudden excitement for he saw Gabe's men slipping away back to their bushes where they were evidently going to eat and drink before their night's work. Then he saw that not all went. One was left crouching behind the launch. The launch herself had been pushed down to the water's edge and would float presently as the tide rose. He pointed out the man to Parami.

"I'll have to tackle him," he said grimly.

"That my job," replied Parami and, though his voice was low and soft as ever, Jim caught a determined ring in it. Before he could stop him the brown man was gone, and Jim saw him sliding like a snake across the sand toward the launch.

Jim's heart was in his throat. He could hardly breathe for sheer suspense, yet there was nothing to do but lie where he was and watch. Clouds were drifting across the sky and hiding the stars, but it was not too dark to see the outline of the launch or the figure of the Malay squatting by her stern. Parami, too, he could see as a dark blot against the white sand, but he made not the slightest sound as he crossed the gap separating him from the launch.

Jim's hands were clenched so tightly that the nails dug deep into the palms. He quivered with suspense. If the Malay turned his head it was all up. Slowly the distance between him and Parami grew less and presently Jim saw Parami stop and lie perfectly still. The Malay had moved slightly, but apparently had seen nothing for he settled down again. Parami went on and disappeared into the darkness under the launch's stern.

Jim peered forward. Excitement made him feel quite sick. If Parami could not prevent the man from crying out all his work was in vain. Suddenly Jim saw the Malay's body jerk backwards. He heard a smothered gasp. There was a struggle, but a soundless struggle.

"He's got him," breathed Jim, and he was right for presently here came Parami back to the cave mouth, dragging the Malay behind him.

"I got him, Marse Jim," said the big brown man quietly. "He no make noise."

"You're a wonder, Parami," said Jim fervently as he helped to pull the prisoner into the cave. The Malay was helpless for he was gagged and his arms and legs tied.

"I take him clothes and go on boat," said Parami.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Jim curtly. "You're a foot taller than he and they'd spot you the moment they laid eyes on you. I'm just his height and can wear his things all right, and they'll never notice in the dark. Strip him quick."

Parami had to agree that Jim was right, and he and Motu stripped the Malay as quickly as possible. The man was little the worse, for Parami had merely choked him into submission, but he was pretty badly scared and took it all quietly. It was a bit awkward changing in the dark, but with Parami's help Jim managed it. Then he gave Parami's hand one squeeze.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'll be all right," and slipped out of the cave mouth on to the beach. He looked toward the bushes, but all was quiet so he followed Parami's example and crept across the sand toward the launch. Reaching it, he took up his position under the stern and waited.

The tide had risen a good deal and the launch was almost afloat. The clouds had thickened and it was comfortably dark. He looked across the lagoon and though he could not see the Dolphin herself he spotted her riding light about a mile away. She was still outside the lagoon.

All he could hear was the low-toned thunder of the swell breaking on the outer reef. He filled his lungs with the fresh salt air which was a pleasant contrast to the stuffiness of the cave.

Some time passed, then Jim noticed that the light on the Dolphin's mast was moving. A thrill of excitement ran through him. At last she was coming in, no doubt under engine power. Jim rather wondered at Don's risking the passage on so dark a night, but supposed that the anchorage outside was not trustworthy.

Someone else had seen the light move. Jim caught a faint rustle behind him, and, glancing round, saw Gabe and his Malays come hurrying across the beach from the direction of the spring. His heart began to thump. Would they spot him?

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW THE UNTHINKABLE BECOMES THE INEVITABLE

IN the affairs of nations, as in those of individuals, the Impossible has often happened. It happened only sixteen years ago.

For a long time Britain and Germany had been rivals in trade, and as Germany built more and more ships of war to defend its commerce they became rivals on the sea as well. France and Russia succeeded in inducing British statesmen to believe that war must come.

The mass of the British nation, however, continued to call war between the Great Powers of Europe unthinkable. They could not bring themselves to face the possibility that British and Germans should come to blows. But because a few people in both countries let the idea of war become familiar to them war became inevitable.

These few words are from a striking article in the new number of My Magazine which is now on sale everywhere. There are many other articles dealing with a wide variety of subjects, besides stories, poems, and puzzles.

Ask for

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September issue now on sale 1s



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15,000 Children from homes of poverty in East End share with this summer, be given a day's holiday at the seaside or in the country. 2/- pays for one child, giving him, or her, twelve hours' happiness. Between 500 and 600 of the most delicate and sickly boys and girls will be sent to a holiday home for a fortnight at a cost of 30/- each. Tired-out mothers and old people will also be given a holiday. Stepney is London's most over-crowded and poorest borough. Please send generous help. Contributions, greatly needed, thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. F. W. CRUICKSHANK, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 16, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

The Window Problem

AN eccentric man sent for his servant and said:

"There is too much light in my study. The window is a square one, and is four feet high and four feet wide. I want you to block up half of it."

"Certainly; I will do that at once," answered the servant.

"Wait a moment," replied his master. "It is essential that when you have finished the window shall still be square, and shall still be four feet high and four feet wide."

The servant hesitated for a few moments, and then he went away and performed his task successfully. How did he do it?

Answer next week

Facts About Atoms and Molecules

FIVE million atoms of helium could be placed in line across the full stop at the end of this sentence.

It takes a trillion atoms of gold to weigh a gramme.

The average molecule is one 125,000,000th of an inch in diameter.

Molecules of hydrogen travel at 2000 yards a second. They collide with other molecules at every twenty thousandth of an inch, and therefore make 1440 million collisions a second.

If the energy thus used could be controlled a gramme of hydrogen could be made to lift a third of a ton forty inches.

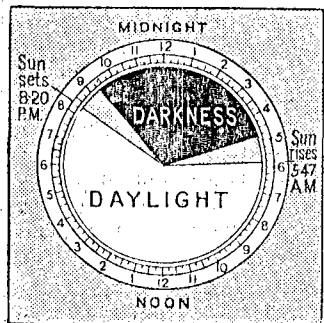
Dropped Vowels

ALL the vowels have been omitted from the following verse by Longfellow. Can you replace them?

— sht n rrw nt th r
t fl t rth—knw nt whr
Fr, s swtly t flw, th sght
Cld nt flw t n ts flht.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE Commissioner came into his sister's room one day. She was on a visit to him in his out-of-the-way station in West Africa and the two were going to pay a State Call.

"Put on your best bib and tucker, Lina," said he. "You must make a good impression on the Chief."

Mrs Bruce put on her best raiment. And nobly she carried it, being six feet high, with the bearing of a soldier. "Just the style to impress the natives," said her brother, as she marched majestically to the motor-car. "But wait a little, it would be better if you took a small gift to King Tembi; nothing of too much value, something a little uncommon."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Mars and Jupiter are in the East.

In the evening Venus is in the West and Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, August 19.

Do You Live at Hoole?

THIS is an Old English word meaning hole or hollow and is a reference to the configuration of the land at the place where the town stands.

The Cushat

THE cushat, also called ring dove and wood pigeon, lays its second batch of eggs about the middle of August. The eggs are to be found in shallow nests of twigs perched on the bough of a tree or sometimes in ivy.

There are usually two eggs in a nest, and they are white, like the egg of a common pigeon but

somewhat larger. When they are being hatched the male bird sits on them by day and the hen sits at night.

Ici On Parle Français



La casquette Un coillet La pirogue
Il est tout fier de sa casquette.
Aimez-vous le parfum de l'écaillet?
Il descendit le fleuve en pirogue.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Shuffled Names Riddle in Rhyme
Morecambe, Blackpool, Southport Stevenson

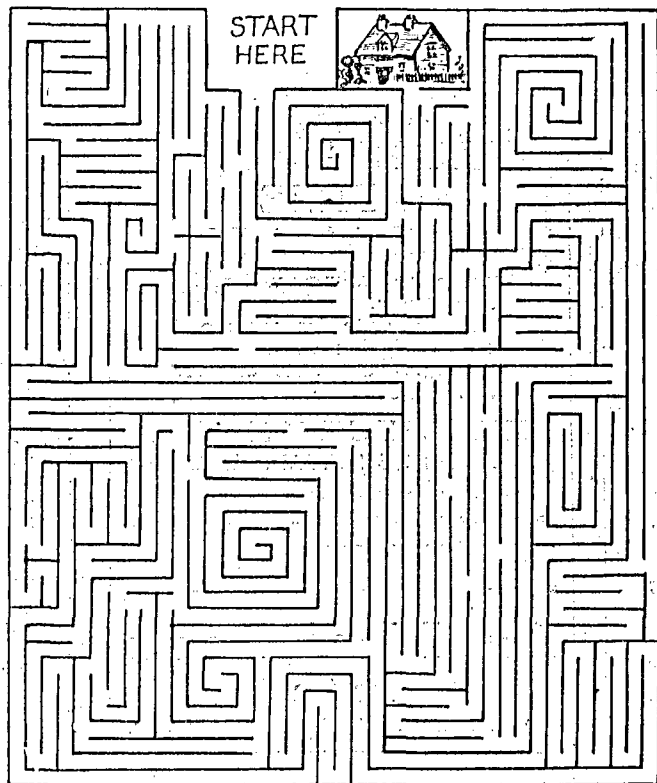
Prefix Puzzle

S-cone, s-coop s-core, s-corn, s-cowl, s-cold, s-cent, s-edge, s-kit, s-lug, s-tern.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



The C.N. Maze—Find a Way to the House



There was once a hermit who was so anxious to avoid the society of his fellow men that he built an elaborate maze of walls round his house. Here is a plan of it. Can you find your way to the house without getting lost?

DI MERRYMAN

A Sure Thing

SMITH: Some day my singing will probably keep the wolf from the door.

JONES: It certainly will if the wolf hears it.

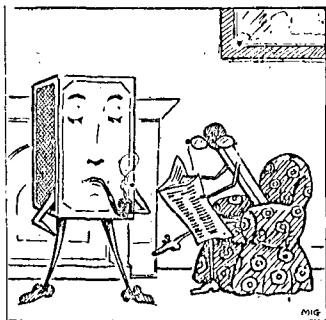
Two Feet Only

A NEW motorist had had the misfortune to run over and injure the foot of a walker. When he called on the injured man he received a shock.

"I've instructed my solicitor to claim a thousand pounds damages from you," he was told. "As much as that?" gasped the motorist. "But I'm not a millionaire."

"No," replied the injured man, "and I'm not a centipede."

Test Matches



"I AM vastly relieved," said the Match to the Box, "To read in the paper this morning That this puzzling talk, That has given me shocks, Which I took as a serious warning, Is but a dull game To test human skill In their efforts with bat and with ball."

But our very bright merits Are unchallenged still, And we shall not be tested at all!"

Well Pruned

A GROUP of town people were being shown round an orchard. Pointing to a row of trees the farmer said: "You will notice these have been well pruned."

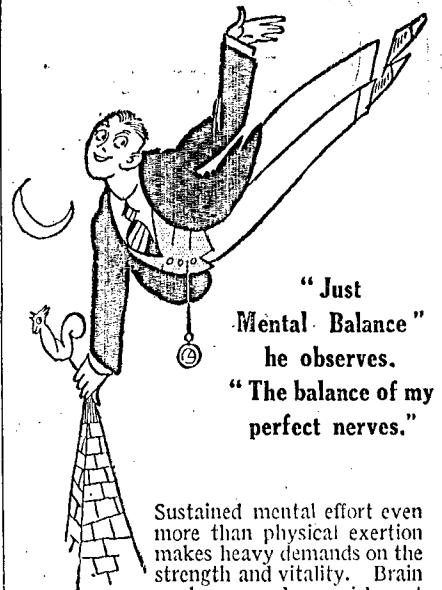
"I should think they have," one visitor was heard to exclaim, "I can't see a single prune."

A Puzzler

SMALL Jack had been stung by a nettle. Yet the look on his face was not one of pain but of perplexity.

"What are you thinking about, Sonny?" asked Mother.

"Well, Mummie," was the reply, "if a wasp settled on a nettle would the nettle sting the wasp or the wasp sting the nettle?"



"Just Mental Balance" he observes. "The balance of my perfect nerves."

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GIFTS FOR A KING

crimson brocade and gilding, something to impress the savages."

The chair of state was ordered, and in due time presented. Tembi sat in it, filling it nobly, full of suppressed excitement.

But great as was the gift of the British Government, his simple people had thought of something more glorious still. It snorted into the compound and stood quivering, a Ford four-seater car.

So, whosoever goes to that part of West Africa now, for this is a true story, can see King Tembi chug-chugging along in his horseless chariot. Behind him pants a train of sable subjects, ready as the need may be, to crank it up, or to lift it out of difficulties.

comfortable passengers in the car on the way back.

Said the brother to the sister at dinner that evening: "That was a very successful gift you gave King Tembi. You always had the knack of choosing presents. Can you suggest something else for the Government to give the old boy three months hence? He will be celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign."

Mrs. Bruce thought a little. "I can tell you what to give him," she said. "All the other worthies were sitting on orange-coloured hump-ties; he was on a hard stool, with three elephant tusks for legs, not at all suited to his size and weight. Why not order a ceremonial chair to be made, garish, barbaric, all

Mrs Bruce thought and thought, and could not find anything for the black chieftain. It ended up in being one of her own parasols from Paris, rose-coloured, frilly, with a parrot's head handle.

In the domain of King Tembi they were received with much honour. The village of mud-built, reed-thatched huts was thronged with dusky people and naked piccaninnies. Dances were performed, barbaric music played. The pink parasol was offered and accepted.

Tembi was so impressed with it and the noble-looking lady who gave it that he had a present ready for her in return when the moment of departure came—two live sheep, which proved very un-